

BLUSHES

A COLLECTORS' EDITION

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in Supplement No. 9

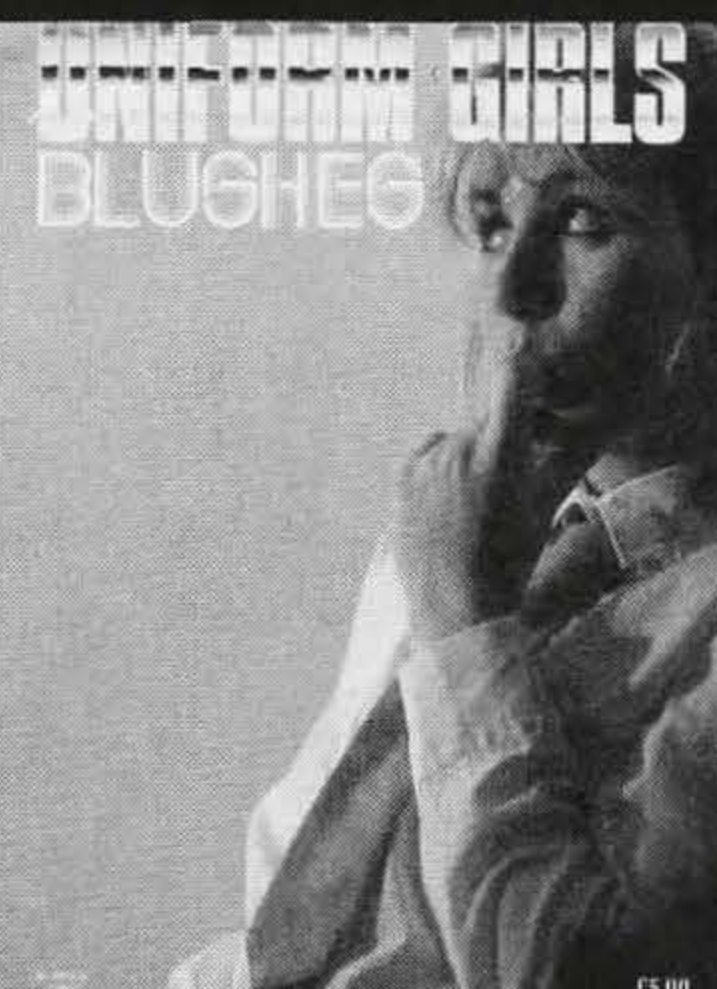
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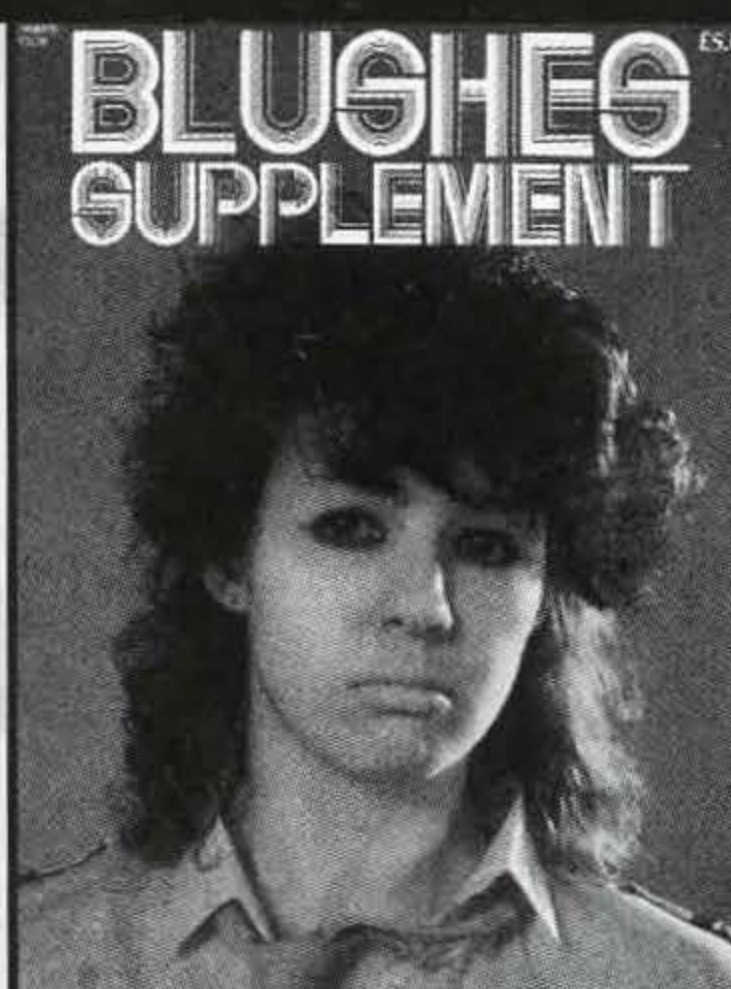


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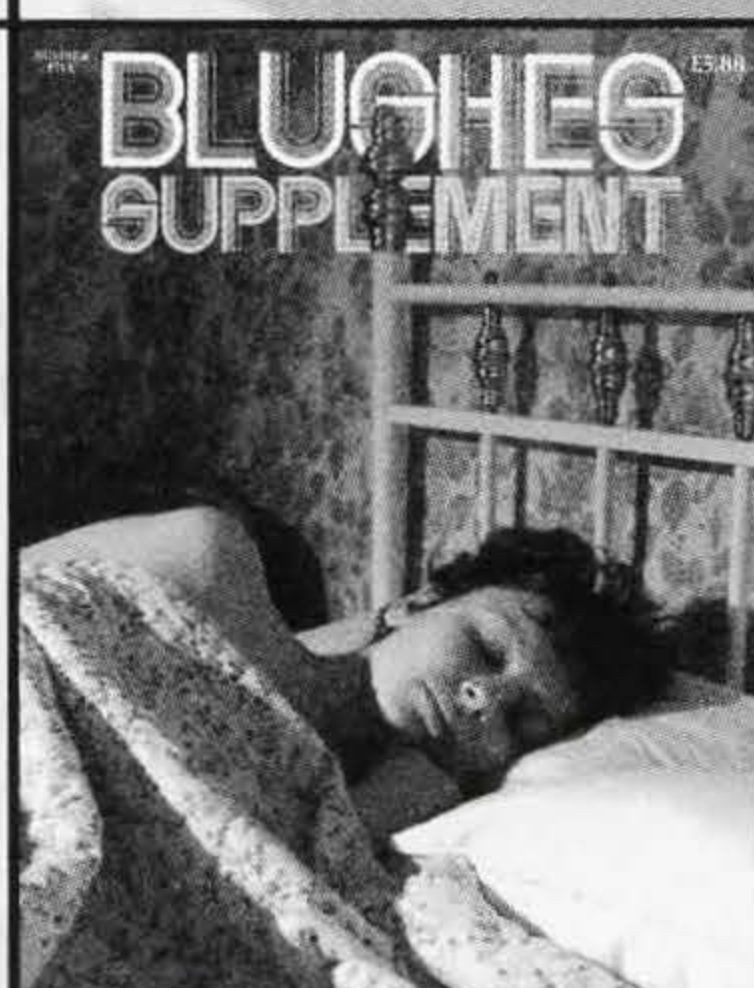
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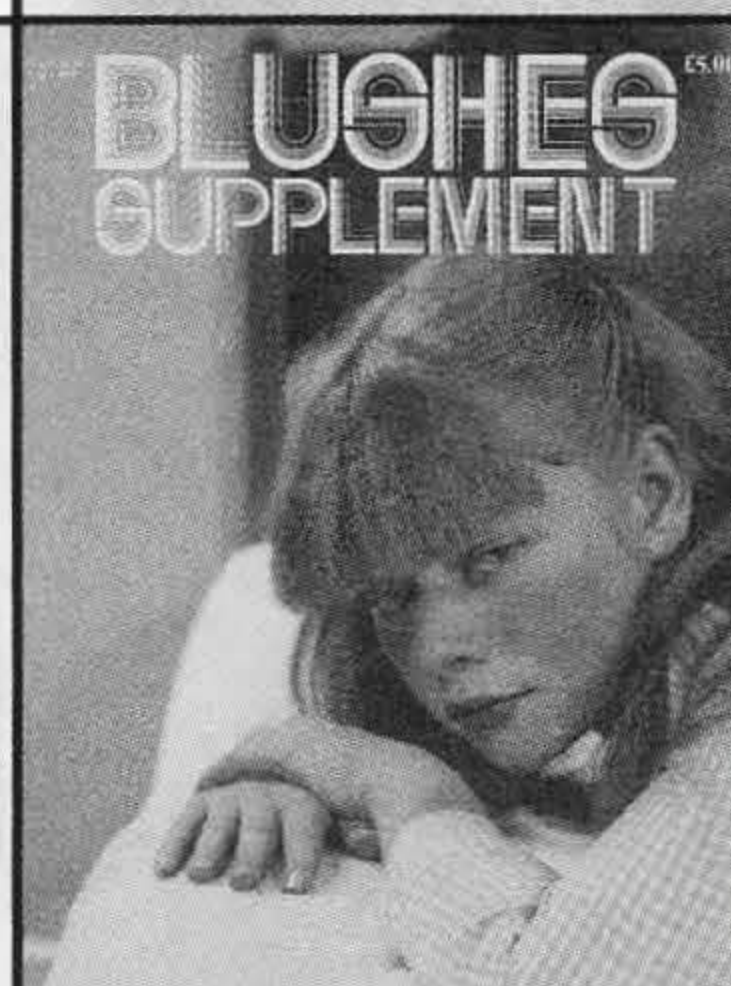
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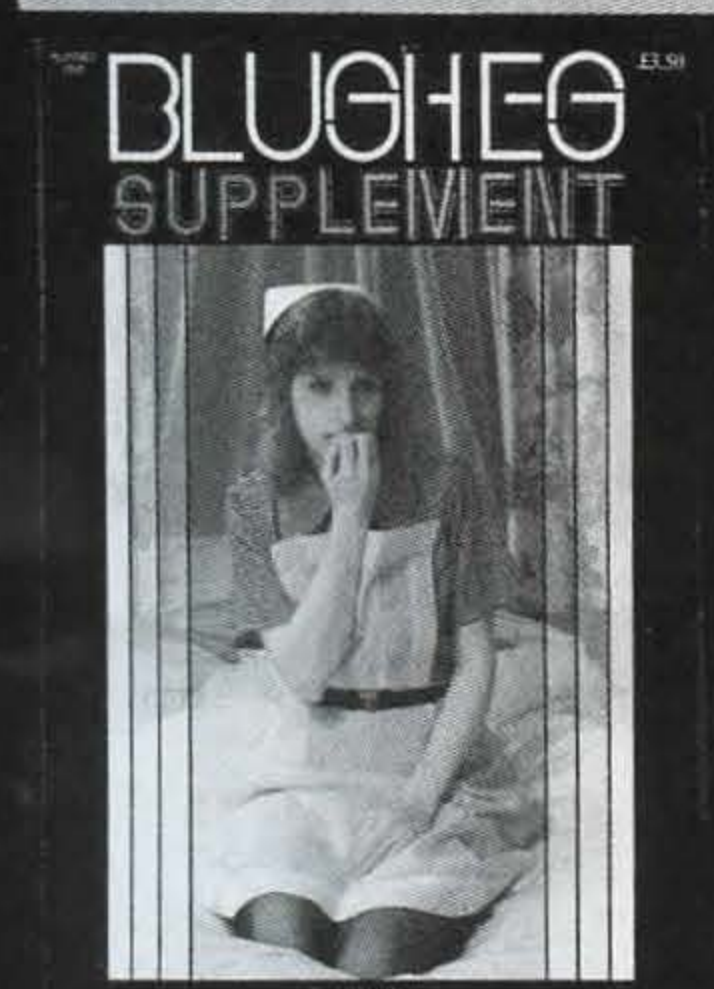
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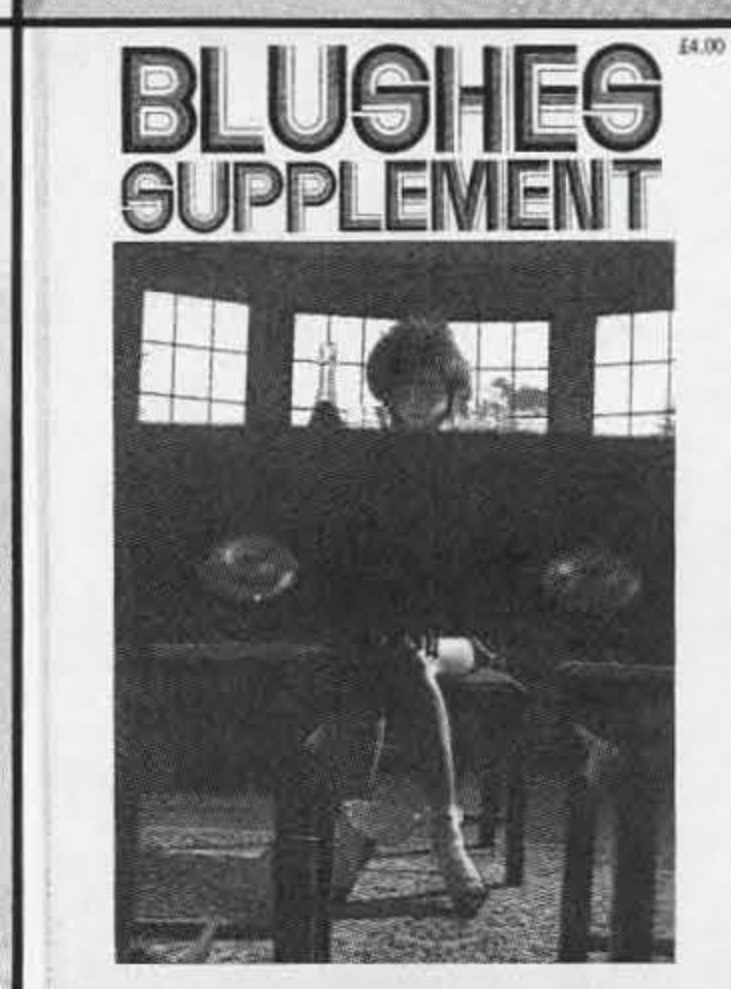
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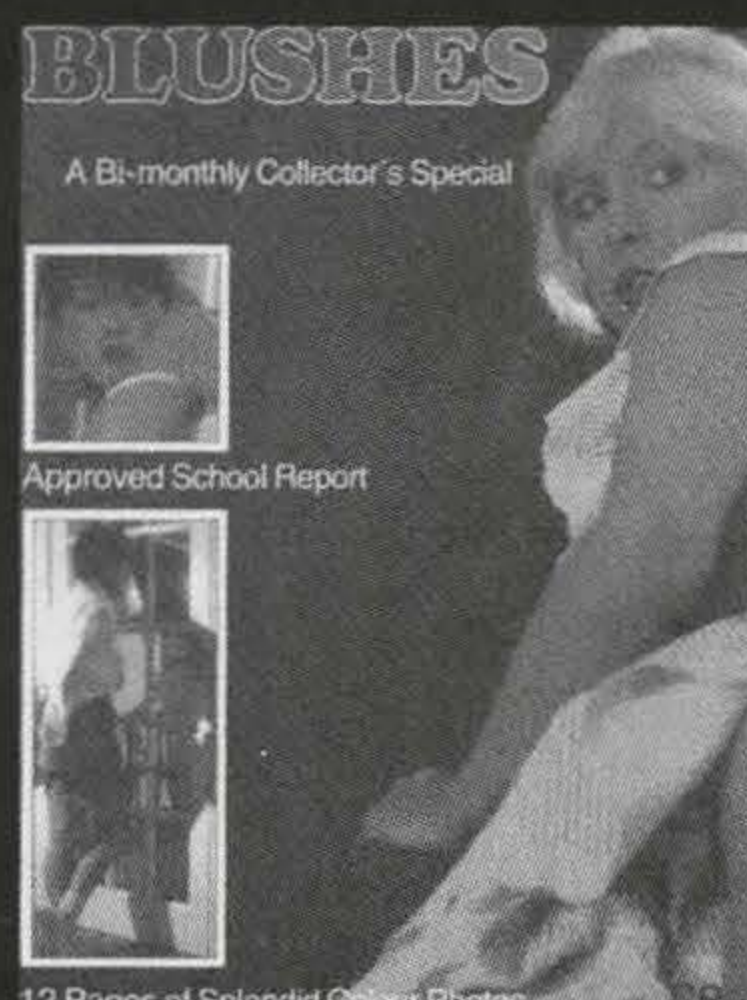
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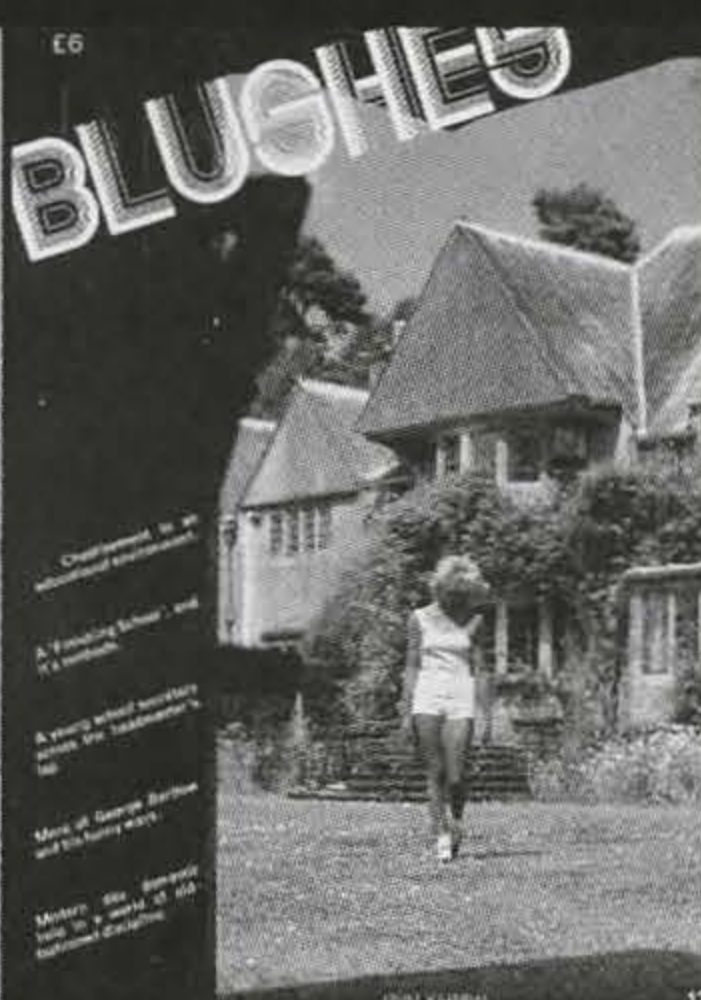
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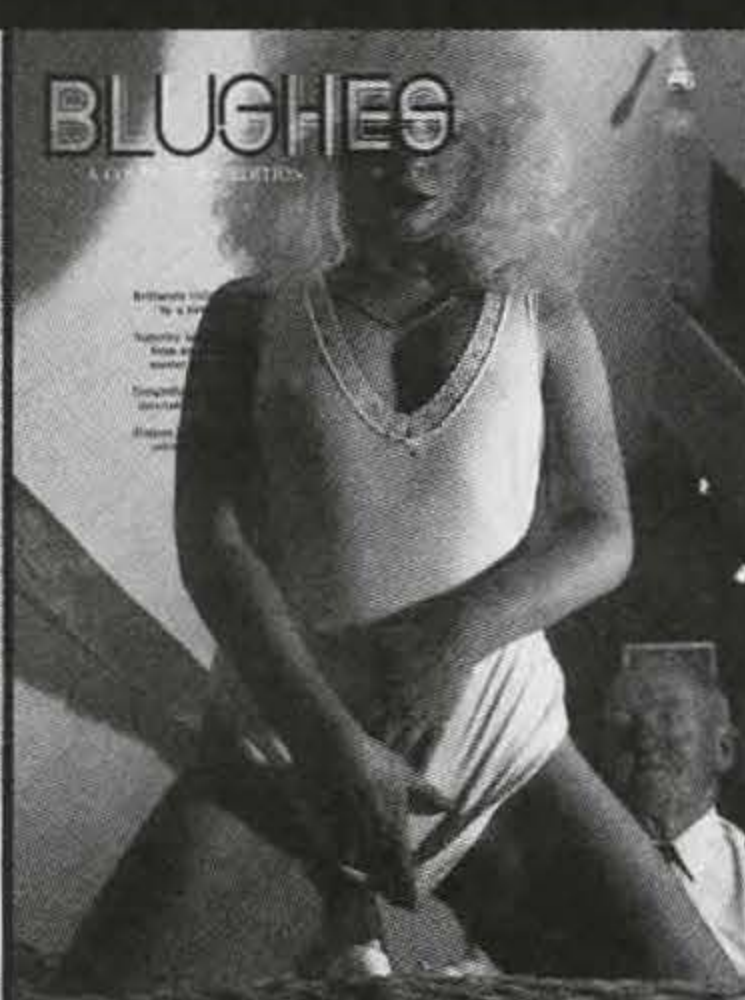


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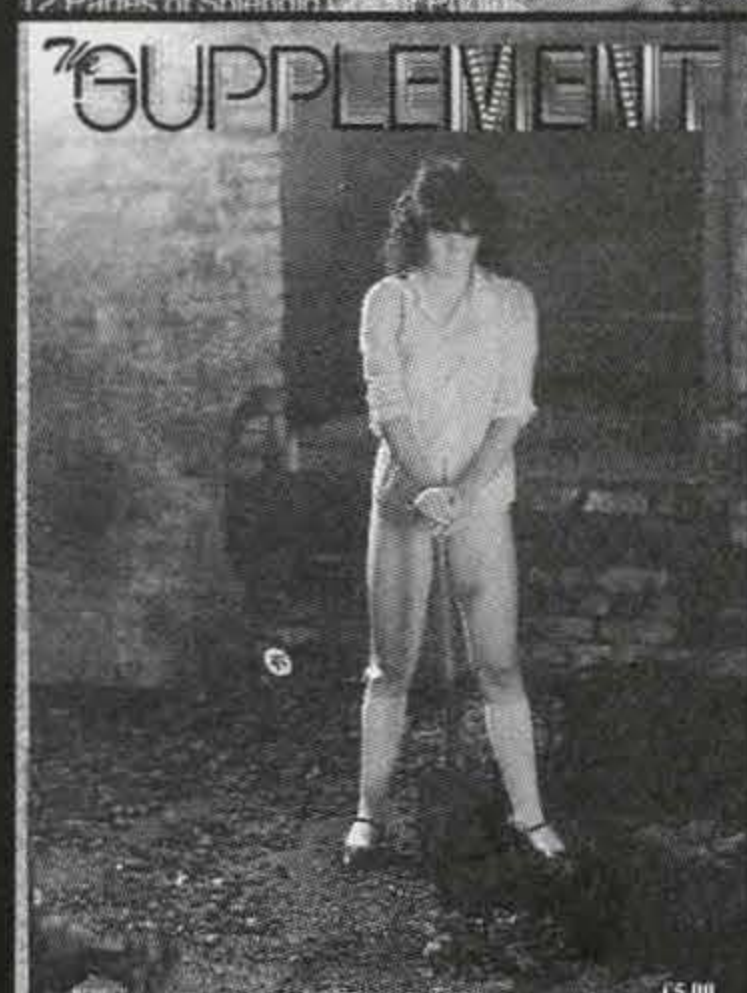
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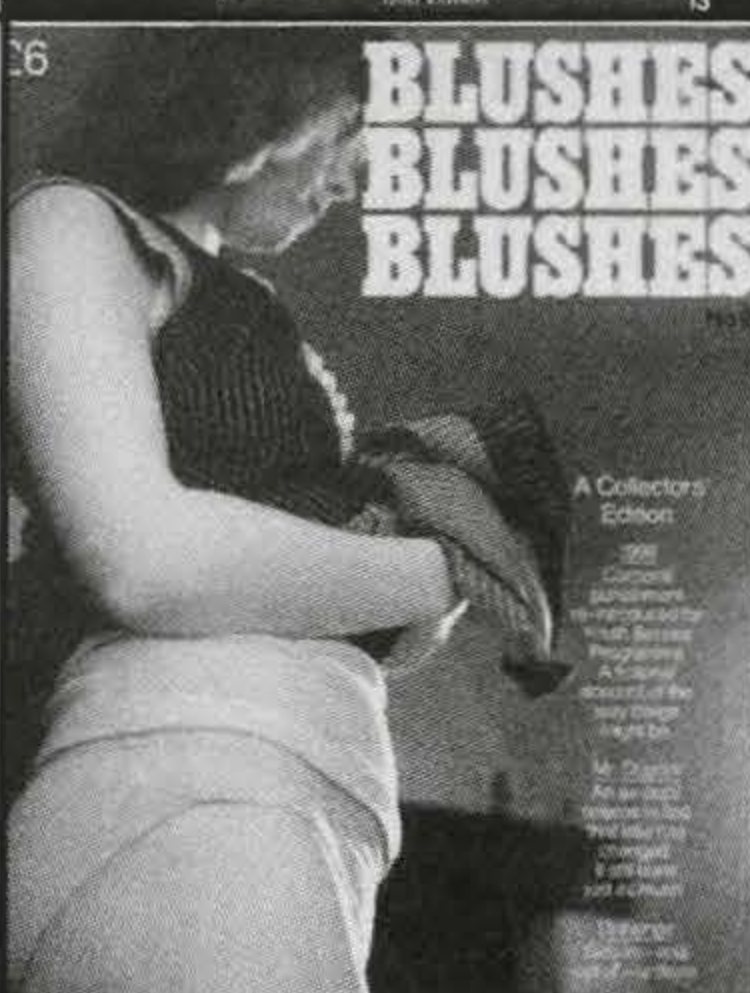
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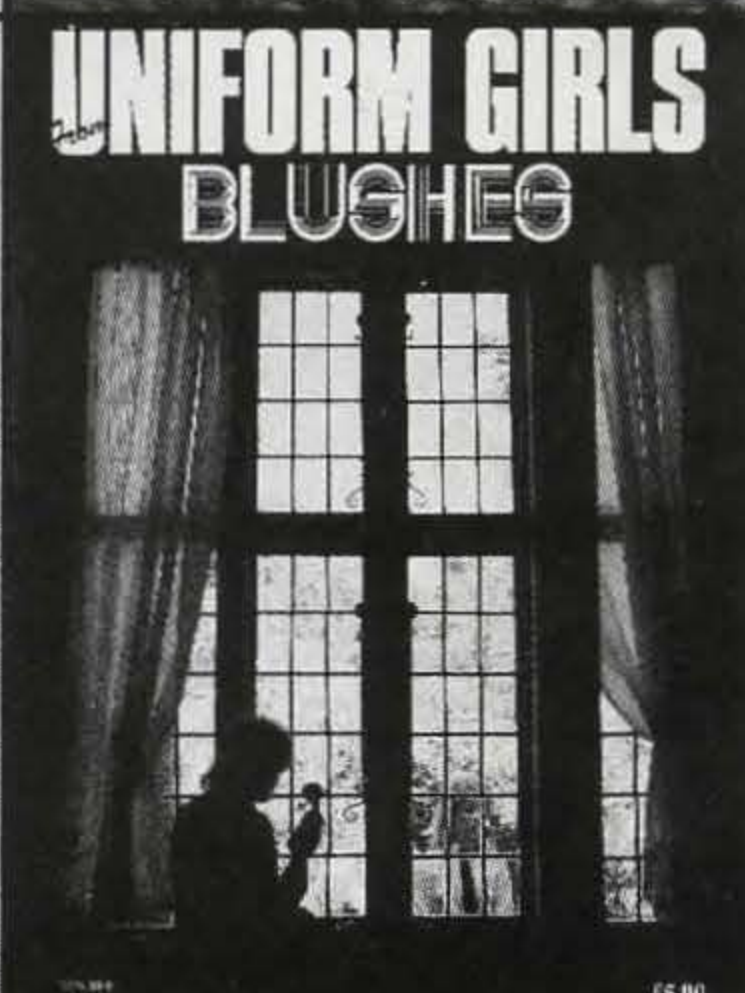
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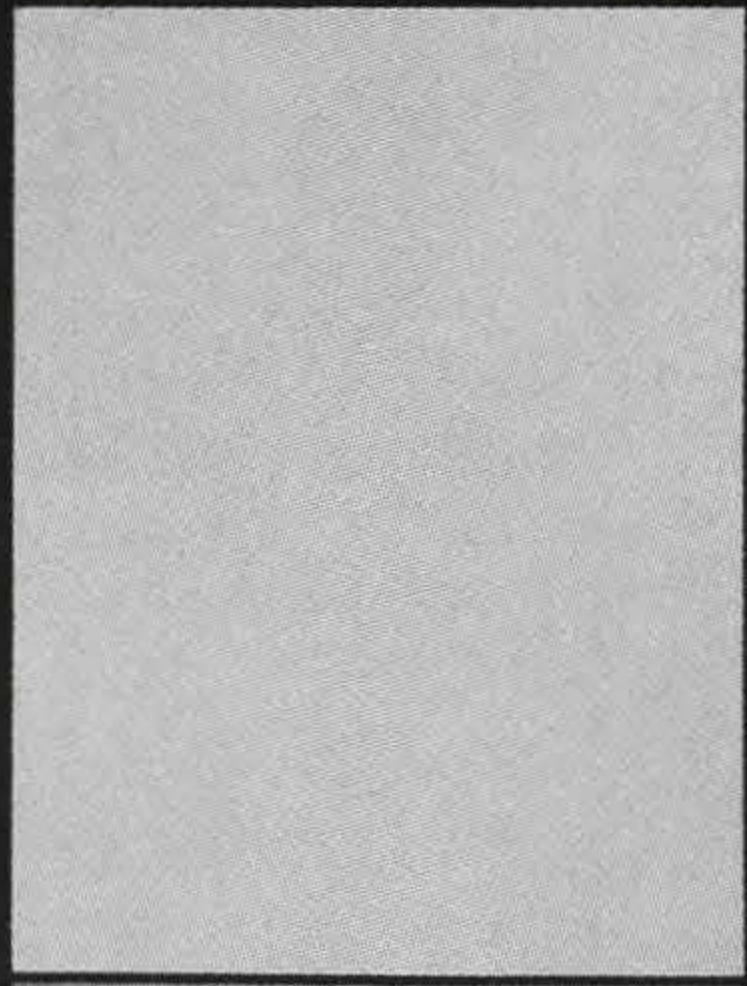
A guardian's teenaged ward made to take her knickers down for spankings in front of a visiting "uncle". Two schoolgirls at the mercy of a woman teacher one long half-term holiday.



UNIFORM GIRLS THREE

A maid in trouble, a WRAC in the spanking hands of a superior officer, no salvation for Suzie

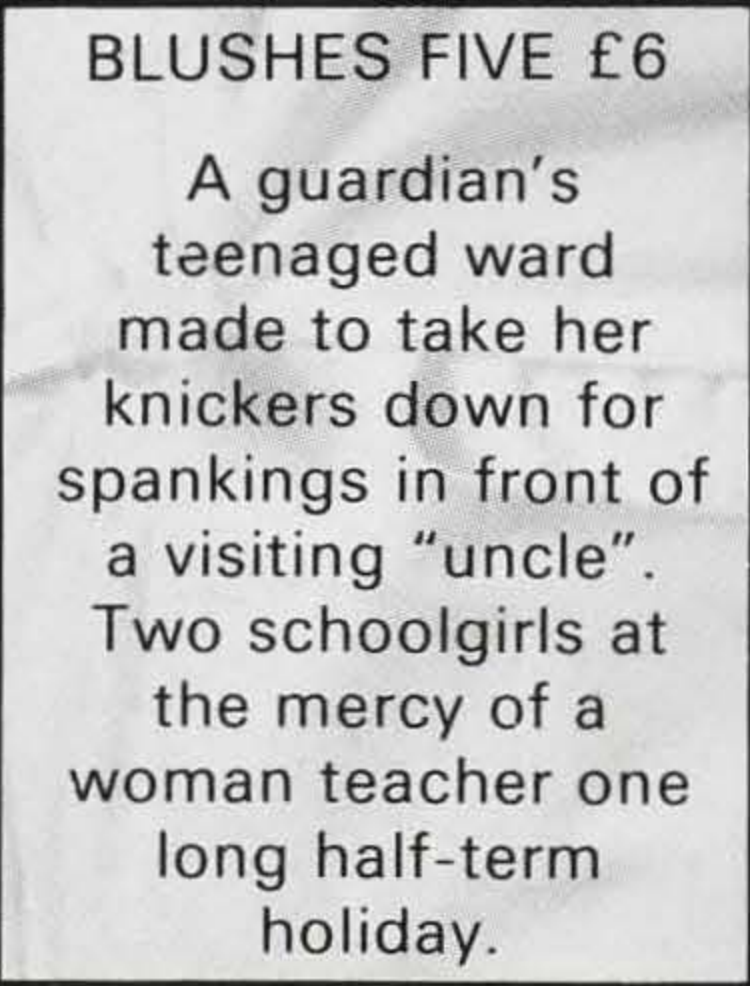
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BLUSHES ELEVEN

Knickers coming down in the gym, in the headmaster's study and private bedrooms, with never a bottom left unblushed!

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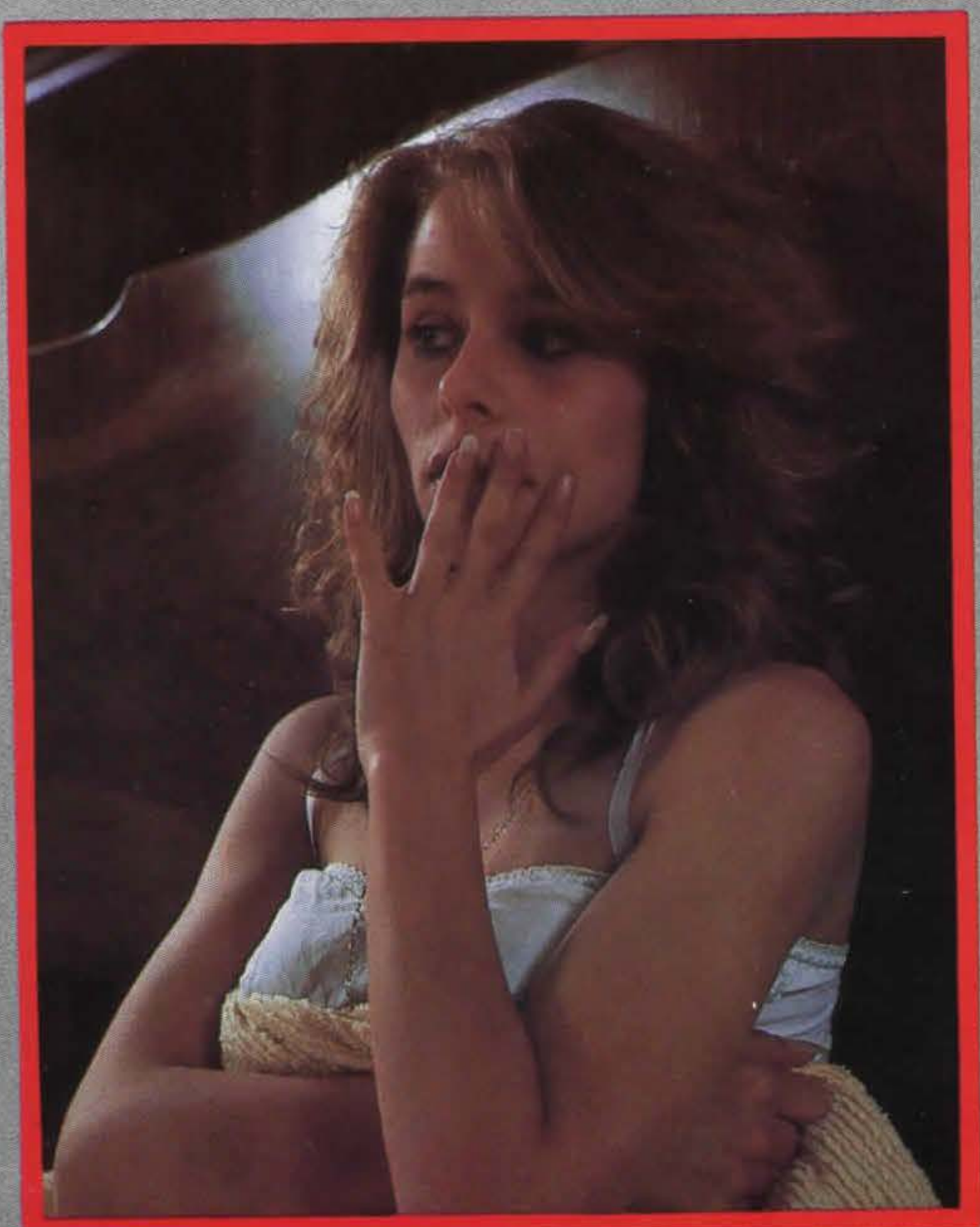
Valerie, one of the nicest of the "Blushes Girls" is fully exposed and comprehensively punished. Others too, in the usual atmospheric "Blushes" style!

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GUILTY!





The heavy rain had stopped, only a light drizzle falling now but it was still very overcast. Typical England, thought Deborah, gazing out on the very soggy scene. There was the consolation, though, that hockey practice had had to be cancelled because of the water-logged pitch. Most of the girls had been told to get on with some work in the library but Deborah, captain of hockey, had been asked by Miss Fielding to check that the pavilion was tidy. One of the governors was due to visit and he wouldn't want to see hockey sticks or discarded knickers lying all over the place. How did Miss Fielding know? wondered Deborah. Maybe Mr Whoever-he-was would enjoy seeing girls' knickers strewn about the floor.

There weren't any knickers as it happened but there were a couple of hockey sticks plus one old sock. Deborah had kicked the sock into a corner, then picked it up and put it and one stick in a cupboard. She still held the other stick as she gazed out onto the lush green sports field. There was a largish pool of water lying in the centre of the nearest pitch and the scene was completed by two seagulls standing in it.

But Deborah wasn't really thinking about hockey pitches, or even seagulls. Her thoughts were centred very largely on a certain boy she had met at the weekend. Quite by chance, when she was shopping for her mother; she had more or less bumped into him and he had started talking and, more than that, *had invited her to the pictures tomorrow evening*. Naturally with something like that you weren't *likely* to be thinking much about sodden fields, or even seagulls.

Deborah's thoughts were running on, as 17 year old girls' thoughts are sometimes wont to do, into quite intoxicating areas. At the same time she was half-aware of doing certain things with that hockey stick. Or more correctly, Deborah's hands were seemingly unconsciously doing things with the stick which was held upright and resting on the floor in front of her.

The hands had first pressed the handle of the stick hard against Deborah's groin, causing certain stifled groans. And then had moved it away while grabbing up her navy-blue pleated skirt, and then bringing the stick back again and dropping her skirt once more, so that the stick was now inside her skirt. She had at the same time parted her thighs somewhat and now came firmly down onto the top or the upright stick's handle. Breathing hard she seated herself on the round head of the handle. That round head coming



into firm and intimate contact with the tight crotch of Deborah's knickers. Coming into firm and intimate contact, in effect, with what that thin and insubstantial nylon covered.

In this position, with eyes glazed and expression rapt, Deborah proceeded to rock herself gently back and forth, uttering as she did so whimpering little groans. Sounds undoubtedly expressing considerable pleasure at what she was doing with the hockey stick or conversely what the hockey stick was doing to her. But it was all in a way unconscious, Deborah scarcely

aware of what she was doing, her thoughts entirely in her intoxicating fantasy — a series of fantasies — involving the boy whose name was Christopher and who had seemed quite, quite, *super*.

That it was an unconscious action though was not likely to cut much ice with the unseen watcher who was now intently observing from the doorway. She stood still, eyes bright and as rapt as Deborah's, as at the far window the captain of hockey continued her indiscreet wriggings. Those wriggings became more intense, the whimperings more

urgent. The signs were that the girl might well be rapidly approaching a climax and the unseen watcher did not feel inclined to allow her that final pleasure.

'Are you *enjoying* yourself, Deborah?'

The voice, sharp, authoritarian, cut like a knife into Deborah's swoony vision (she was in her lounge, after the pictures, on the sofa, with her knickers off; Christopher had his trousers unzipped to disclose something truly *stupendous*). For long seconds Deborah struggled with confusion; then of course she realised where she was, what she was doing, and

the fact that the voice was that of Miss Fielding, Games Mistress.

It was Miss Fielding's first year at Greenacres so no one knew much about her yet. Liz Fielding in fact was about 30; quite tall with dark curly hair, nice looking with equally dark eyes that could fix you with a rather intense, rather scary stare. Girls didn't quite know what to make of Miss Fielding yet though she *had* played county hockey for Essex. Deborah, now fully conscious of where she was and the fact that Miss Fielding clearly had seen what she was doing, felt only a frantic desire to somehow disappear; fly away, or perhaps creep quietly into a mouse-hole. *Anything*.

Miss Fielding had come forward on silent gym-shoed feet.

'*Quite* an *extraordinary* performance, Deborah. Do you spend many hours masturbating with hockey sticks?'





Even more Deborah experienced that desperate urge to be somewhere else, to crawl into the convenient mousehole. Did Miss Fielding *have* to use that unfortunately explicit word? And there was also the hockey stick. She had straightened her knees, removing her person from contact with the stick's exquisite round head, but it was still between her legs, held there by an apologetic hand.

'*Remove that stick. At once!*' ordered Miss Fielding's stern voice. Deborah disentangled it from her skirt, looked briefly into the alarming eyes, then down at the floor. But her eyes were raised again as Miss Fielding's hand reached out to lift Deborah's chin firmly. 'Look at me, girl!'

The chin contained a nice dimple and was at the base of a heart-shaped face with big blue eyes, framed by short curling blonde hair. A pretty face, one that no doubt had appealed to that boy Christopher, and the rest of Deborah was equally attractive: a sturdy shape such as one might expect in a captain of hockey but shapely too, rounded in all the right places. Yes, an attractive package all right, one that Miss Fielding would no doubt have duly noted during her few weeks at Greenacres School for Girls. Miss Fielding's eyes gazed into those of the unhappy Deborah.

'Not at *all* the kind of thing one expects from a team captain, Deborah. *What* an example to set the younger girls. And I understand





that the Head is *rather hot* on that sort of thing. *Solitary vice*, I think is her term.'

Deborah said nothing; there wasn't a lot *to* say. Her eyes desperately wanted to avoid those of Miss Fielding.

'Don't look away, Deborah. What should we say then? I should inform Miss Singleton, naturally.'

'No!' breathed Deborah. It was true Miss Singleton had given stern warnings about certain activities. 'Disgusting solitary practices' that according to the Headmistress sapped a girl's energies and moral values.

'No, Deborah? You would prefer that I dealt with this matter?'

Deborah mumbled 'Yes Miss Fielding.'

The Games Mistress's hand, the one which had taken firm hold of the



dimpled chin, now reached out to grip, equally firmly, Deborah's bare forearm. 'Yes, Miss Fielding. Very well, Deborah, you can report to my flat this evening. Eight o'clock; I think you know where it is.'

The hand on the bare arm squeezed intimately. 'I have, as it happens, a little cane I keep for situations such as this. I find it can have a very salutary effect on a girl. Have you ever been caned, Deborah?'

Hot-faced, Deborah gasped 'No, Miss Fielding.'

Miss Fielding's eyes were deep dark pools. 'Ah well then, Deborah. We are in for a little treat, aren't we?'

* * * *

The cane! Walking away from the pavilion after Miss Fielding had brusquely told her to 'cut along then', that word rolled around in Deborah's head like some malevolent monster. The *cane!!* Miss Fielding couldn't really *cane* her, could she? You couldn't cane a grown-up 17 year old girl, virtually a young woman. Could you? Not really? It was impossible, *barbarous*, just not on.

The unfortunate fact, though, was that Miss Fielding could clearly do what she wanted — unless Deborah was prepared to have her behaviour reported to Miss Singleton. That she could *not contemplate*, not for *anything*. Apart from any other consideration it would be *quite utterly humiliating* for her, a respected member of the Upper Sixth, captain of hockey and all that. No, that would be even more humiliating than being caned. Having your...what? Your hand? Or...some other part of you? *Oh Jesus Christ*. Any thoughts of that super boy Christopher had now been simply obliterated.

* * * *

'Going out, dear!' Mrs Taylor smiled at her daughter.

'Yes. Uh...Miss Fielding wants to...uh...discuss next week's match.'

The rest of the day since that horrendous happening had passed like a dream. It was a quarter to eight. Deborah had on her coat, over a dress she had changed into from her school outfit. Not being in uniform would hopefully emphasise to Miss Fielding that she wasn't a young kid; she was 17 and grown up. And therefore hopefully...For the

same reason Deborah had put on nylons and her quite high heels. At school, because of Miss Singleton's out-of-the-ark ideas, you had to wear knee-socks even in the sixth.

'Nice, is she, that new Miss Fielding?' asked Mrs Taylor.

Deborah looked away and performed an exaggerated rolling of her eyes before saying, 'Uh...yes. Ok.'

She got out her bike. It had stopped raining at least. Deborah got on gingerly, high heels were *not* ideal for cycling and nylons if you weren't careful could ladder like blazes. It was quite warm: a nice evening. Tomorrow, that boy Christopher, but tonight, *Jesus Christ*, the bloody *cane!!*

Miss Fielding had on a dark red dress, quite nice. 'Hello!' she said with that glittery-eyed look. 'On time, I see. Let's have your coat.'

It was the first time Deborah had been to the flat, one of the older school buildings, perhaps a stable at one time, which had been converted to accomodate members of staff still looking for permanent accommodation. It was a pleasant enough lounge but with your mind brimming with your reason for coming you were not really taking a lot of notice; Miss Fielding asked if she would like a drink. Deborah said a dutiful 'No thank you' but Miss Fielding pressed her and she had a sherry, like Miss Fielding. The sofa was indicated and Deborah sat down and Miss Fielding sat down too, quite close. 'That's a pretty dress, Deborah: it suits you.' Deborah blushed slightly; it was her favourite, pink spots on blue with a full skirt. She sipped her drink — and saw her hand was trembling. Miss Fielding was being very friendly but...

The Games Mistress edged slightly closer. 'Do a lot of it, do you, Deborah?'

Deborah choked a little bit. 'Wha...what.'

'Do you do a lot of it? What you were doing with the hockey stick?'

Deborah cringed. Where was that mouse-hole? 'No...No I *don't*. It was just...'

She *didn't* do a lot of it, not like she knew some girls did. And she knew it wasn't a good thing to get started doing it a lot. It was just that occasionally you really felt like it and then it felt really swoony. Meeting that Christopher of course had put her in the mood and then being in the empty pavilion with no one coming in. Or so Deborah *thought*

Miss Fielding, now close against her on the sofa, said, 'It's not a good

thing to do a lot of it.' 'Well I *don't*. *Really* I don't,' protested hot-faced Deborah.

'Mmm...' Miss Fielding didn't sound too convinced. She sipped her drink. 'What about boys?'

'Er...well there *is* this boy.' 'Do you *do* it?' Miss Fielding asked quickly.

'Wha...No! No I *don't*!' Deborah gasped. Well, she hadn't even been out with him yet. Not that Miss Fielding knew that.

'What about *girls*?' asked the Games Mistress. And all of a sudden Deborah was aware of Miss Fielding's hand on her knee. She mumbled 'What?', not sure what was meant.

'You know, Deborah. *Girls*. A special friend. Have you even had a special friend? Haven't you ever had a crush on an older girl?' The hand was now more on Deborah's thigh than her knee. It squeezed. 'Hasn't an older girl ever introduced you to those naughty but nice things that girls like to do?'

'No!' Deborah's breath came hissing out. And it was true, she had never done any of that stuff. And didn't want to.

Miss Fielding's hand stopped squeezing and gave a little slap. 'I see,' she said brusquely. 'Well now, we must get on, mustn't we? Finish your drink. And then stand up and take your knickers down.'

Deborah had just begun to wonder about Miss Fielding's line of questioning. The cane for the moment had been forgotten but here it was again and with a vengeance. *Take your knickers down!*

'Drink up,' Miss Fielding repeated. 'And then knickers down.' She herself was now standing. 'We mustn't dilly-dally, must we?'

Knickers down. The thought was *sick-making*. Deborah put her glass down and got unsteadily to her feet. Miss Fielding had now produced from somewhere a quite *sickening-looking* cane; three-foot long and thin and curving. *Oh sweet Jesus*.

'Down!' barked Miss Fielding. '*Knickers*. Right now. Or do we want some assistance in that?'

Deborah's hands went up under her dress and fumbled. 'Right down,' stated Miss Fielding. 'I shall want a nice target. Down to your stocking tops. And then lift your dress and get bent over the arm of the sofa.'

Under her skirt Deborah's knickers came down. She gave the Games Mistress a pale-cheeked look. Her mind had been having some more darting thoughts about what Miss Fielding had been saying.

About girls. And there was that way she looked at you. Could Miss Fielding...

'Lift your skirt, Deborah!' she snapped. 'Up round your waist. We're not shy, are we!'

Deborah was not so much shy as scared. There was the way Miss Fielding looked at girls in the changing room. At nude bodies and partially clothed ones. Deborah now saw it in a different light and it seemed surprising that no one had said anything, even if only as a joke. She lifted the full skirt of her dress and the slip underneath. She shivered. Her knickers were down round her full upper thighs. They were a modest white, like the slip and the slim suspender belt fastening the tan nylons. Miss Fielding was looking, all right!

'Nice and high, Deborah. Don't be shy.'

Full rounded flanks, for Deborah was a well built girl. Right in the centre a medium brown bush of soft curls which Miss Fielding's eyes clearly found of rivetting interest. Her face was a bit pink. She came close; very close. The hand not holding the cane reached round to take hold of the bared full buttocks.

Miss Fielding was several inches taller than Deborah and her slim firm body was now hard against her. She had on some sort of distinctive, disturbing perfume. Her hand was squeezing Deborah's bare bum, her mouth very close to Deborah's ear. Deborah's head was in a spin.

'Oh yes, dear girl. It must be the cane on the bare bottom for a sixth former found playing with herself. Especially our captain of hockey.' Miss Fielding's mouth momentarily brushed Deborah's ear.

Then, head still spinning, Deborah was stumbling to the sofa's end. Down over its arm. Head and body down in its seat, *her* seat upraised, a bare ripe beacon. Miss Fielding's hand again helping itself to a fondle as she positioned her victim. Legs outstretched; bottom just so.

'It's going to *hurt*, Deborah. it *must* hurt, of course; otherwise what's the use?'

She lightly patted the firm, full globes. The cane was transferred to her right hand. 'Keep it still now.'

Whu...upp!

A scream of shocked disbelief rang out as outraged flesh sent up frantic messages. Filling her lungs Deborah repeated the scream as the messages of intense hurt continued. This second scream tailed off into gasping wails. Deborah's bottom, now with bright red stripe, was

desperately writhing, clenching.

'Don't be a baby,' said Miss Fielding, who had whipped the cane down with full force. 'It wasn't *that* bad.' The cane patted the clenching buttocks.

'Come on, relax it. Stop clenching; or you'll get it harder.'

Deborah was still clenching, she couldn't help it, and the second cut of the cane was harder. More frantic howls. 'I warned you,' said Miss Fielding, eyes greedily on the swerving rear. The first line of impact, across the fullest curve of Deborah's bottom, was now a crimson-swelling weal, the second, across the fat undercurve, would no doubt soon match it.

The cane patted again. 'Keep still and *relax* it; you're a big girl remember. Only four more. I'm not enjoying this, you know.'

That last was a blatant untruth. Liz Fielding was enjoying it very much. Deborah thought she was going to faint with the pain. Maybe she did. All she could remember afterwards was a red haze in front of her eyes and the awful, awful biting pain, and Miss Fielding saying things. She certainly didn't remember standing up, or being stood up, but there somehow she was with Miss Fielding now saying, 'We're not *crying*, are we?'

Deborah shook her head. No she wasn't crying, it was just that her eyes were full of moisture and there was somehow wet on her cheeks. 'No!' she gasped and then made another gasping sound very much *like* crying with also what some people might describe as tears running down her face. She was standing and Miss Fielding had her arms round her, one hand holding up Deborah's skirt at the back and the other at Deborah's bottom again. Stroking and caressing the dreadfully hot and smarting flesh.

Some little time later they were in the bedroom. Miss Fielding had abruptly stopped her embracing of Deborah and asked, flush-faced, if she would like to see the rest of the flat. What she meant by the rest of the flat was the bedroom. It had a double bed and that was what Deborah and Miss Fielding were now sitting on, the latter with her arm tight round the other's waist.

'Just relax, Deborah,' Miss Fielding said, but Deborah with her bottom still blazing and with this new dimension clearly was not likely to. 'I know we're going to be friends although I did *have* to cane you,' went on Miss Fielding. 'Very close friends in fact.' No, there was clearly no way you could relax.

'In fact *more* than friends, pretty Deborah. But of course no one must know, just the same as no one must know about what pretty Deborah was doing with that hockey stick.'

Deborah shook her head which again was spinning round and round. Miss Fielding's face was very close, her dark eyes glittering, her red-lipsticked mouth smiling. 'I was very cruel, wasn't I, Deborah. You were just going to come with the stick and I *could* have let you finish.' The face, and the mouth, came even closer. 'But we could correct that now, couldn't we, Deborah dear? And I'm sure you need it after the caning.'

Deborah shook her head wildly but Miss Fielding just laughed, a deep throaty laugh, and squeezed her arm more tightly round Deborah. She told her to put her tongue out. Deborah protested, then did so. Miss Fielding sucked the tongue into her mouth, in between those red-lipsticked lips which met Deborah's in a wet kiss. And then they were lying on the bed, Deborah more or less underneath Miss Fielding and the Games Mistress had her hand up Deborah's skirt and Deborah realised that she had no knickers on. (They in fact were lying on the sofa where Miss Fielding had taken them off after the caning.)

Miss Fielding's hand of course proceeded to do what the hockey stick had been doing. It was breathtaking, mind-zonking, but Deborah couldn't stop Miss Fielding who rapidly became very passionate, groaning and moaning sexy things. And soon Deborah didn't want to stop Miss Fielding anyway as in spite of herself she began responding to a hand that knew *exactly* what to do.

Afterwards Miss Fielding said, 'Was that nice? Better than with any silly boy?'

Deborah didn't know because she had never done anything with a boy. She felt exhausted, drained. What would her mother say if she knew? But what would her mother say about those thoughts she had about Christopher, or about what Deborah had done in the pavilion. Miss Fielding was kissing her again.

Miss Fielding was not finished. 'Let's get into bed,' she said and started fumbling with Deborah's dress. She took it off and everything else except her suspender belt and nylons, and then undressed herself, to the nude. This time, in between the cool sheets, Miss Fielding was even more passionate and as she did things and demanded that things be done to her own slim, firmly muscled

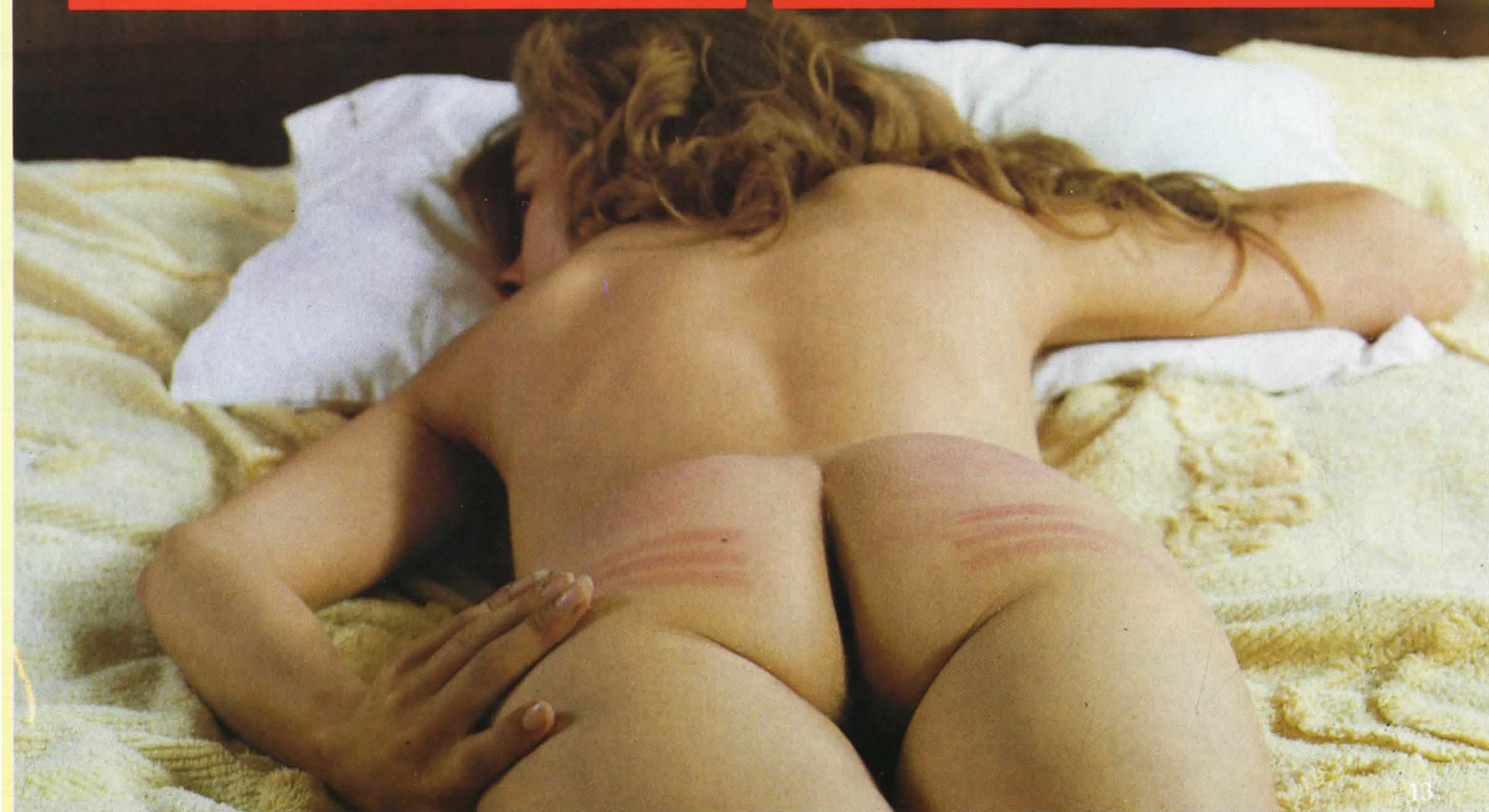
body it was even more mind-zonking.

Deborah found that the only way she could cope with it was by



switching off all thoughts of elsewhere, of past or future, and to let herself slip into the swoony present night there in Miss Fielding's bed...





KEPT IN SUSPENSE



The dark-haired one said, 'I bet poor old Harry can hardly get a stroke of work out of you in the mornings. I bet you come into the office so bleary-eyed you can hardly see!' He gave a raucous laugh and took a gulp of his beer.

The laugh was taken up by the bald-headed one with glasses. 'Unable to lift a finger to the typewriter, I bet! Knocked out — thoroughly shagged and thoroughly shagged out.' Under the table his hand briefly squeezed Julie's thigh.

Mr Bellwood, who sat opposite, had to put in his bit. 'It's true, I know from when my secretary, Sally got married. Apparently they would start right at it as soon as they got home after work. Right away he'd be on top of her. Poor Sally didn't even have time to cook a meal. She could hardly stand up when she got in the office in the morning. Fantastic!'

The dark-haired one, who she thought was called Mr Easton, chortled, 'Let's see if Julie can stand up straight. Come on, Julie, get up on your feet.'

At last Mr Kirtley, Julie's boss, came to her rescue — perhaps because he could see she was very close to tears. 'Come on, you chaps; lay off. Give the girl a break. We all know that when a girl gets married she spends a lot of time doing you-know-what but there's no call to try and embarrass her. My Julie's carrying out her duties very adequately.'

He put his arm round Julie who was biting her lip and beginning to tremble. Mr Bellwood, not keen to relinquish such a tasty subject, said, 'What duties? Don't tell me you've been testing out her abilities, Harry! And I bet with that figure she's really fantastic.'

Julie's friend Elaine had warned her that something of this sort could happen. 'They always do it when a girl gets married,' she had said, 'especially the older blokes. It seems to really turn them on to talk about it knowing you'll be embarrassed. But if you're just a lowly typist there's not a lot you can do about it.' So Julie had been ready for something but nothing at all like the way they were now carrying on.

It was the Friday of her first week at Rackham Plastics and Mr Kirtley had taken her to the Cat and Fiddle for a lunchtime drink — together with these three other dreadful characters. She hardly knew who they were except that they also worked at Rackhams. Julie had started there as a secretary to Mr Kirtley right after her honeymoon. If only she could have kept that quiet, but of course Mr Kirtley knew she was newly married. And of course he told everyone. 'This is

Julie. Julie Gardner. Not a day over 19 and fresh from her honeymoon. Isn't she scrumptious!' That sort of thing could make you squirm but it was bearable whereas the way they had started on at her as soon as they were sitting in that cosy corner in the pub was quite simply dreadful.

Julie was scrumptious. Quite a tall girl at 5'8" and with a lovely figure: firm high boobs and full, rounded buttocks and slim waist and long model's legs. She was also very pretty with big green-blue eyes and shoulder-length soft blonde hair. That face with its wide eyes and full soft mouth spoke of girlish innocence and this contrasted with the ripely sensuous figure made the thought that, as a newly married girl, she was presumably getting humped every night especially salacious.

Mr Kirtley had got up to get more drinks and that gave the others



another chance to start off again. Mr Bellwood, his face sweating, asked, 'Doesn't it get sore? I mean if that part of you's not been in use before and then suddenly it's having to cope with all this action...'

Julie felt herself start to tremble again. Bald-headed Mr Haldick, his hand on her thigh again, said, 'No, a girl's thing's made to withstand the action. That's what it's for, remember. Isn't it, Julie...?'

Back at the office Julie gasped, 'Those men were absolutely hateful; just dreadful. I don't ever want any more lunchtime drinks with that lot.' She was very close to tears.

Mr Kirtley had put his arm sympathetically round Julie's waist. He pulled her to him, facing, with both arms round her and made

sympathetic noises. Mr Kirtley was about 45 and still quite young looking. He was very friendly — he had told her to call him Harry but Julie didn't like to. In a way, of course, he was too friendly. He was now softly stroking her back, caressing the warm flesh through the thin blouse, fingers investigating the narrow bra strap.

'Don't let them worry you, they like to josh a girl, that's all; and it's only because you get them so excited, especially being just married. You really do have the most super boobs, you know, Julie.'

Julie wished he wouldn't say things like that, although it wasn't anything like as bad as the others had been saying. She also didn't like what he was now doing which was stroking one of her big firm boobs. Stroking and gently squeezing it.

'Please don't,' she said but Mr Kirtley only said, 'Don't be silly, you know you like having them stroked,' and went on doing it.

On her very first day he had started on about Julie's boobs. 'They're really super' he had said, and 'I bet they like being stroked'. Julie hadn't answered and had got on with her typing but her face had gone bright red. Then when it was time to go home he had helped her on with her coat and in the process had got his hand properly on one of them. Perhaps she should have taken a strong line at that point but it was her first day and she didn't want to antagonise him, as she and Ian really needed her to have the job. So she had got all embarrassed but that was all.

He had kept his hand on it for some time. It certainly wasn't one of those quick 'accidental' feels that men sometimes give you. And then he had said, 'I bet that new husband of yours is playing with them all the time. When he's not doing something else, that is.'

Yes Mr Kirtley had also started alluding to that as well, though nothing like as bad as those others in the pub.

On her second morning Mr Kirtley had helped Julie off with her coat and had another feel, this time two hands on both boobs. 'Not too tiring a night, I hope?' he asked, smiling. Julie of course knew what he was referring to and didn't answer. 'Once or twice?' he wanted to know. 'Although I know that newly weds can want to do it more than that.'

Again she should probably have said: Look, I don't think I should have to discuss that sort of thing. But Julie hadn't. She had got all flushed and flustered, not answering, and in fact Mr Kirtley hadn't pressed her further. She had



moved away to go to her desk and Mr Kirtley had slid his hand briefly over her buttocks.

And that was how the week had gone. The work was all right, quite interesting, but Mr Kirtley did make those remarks quite frequently and he did like to slide his hands onto Julie's boobs and bottom. She didn't enjoy it at all but there wasn't really a lot she could do. She knew girls could get a certain amount of feeling up in an office, 'sexual harassment' they called it and if you didn't like it, well a boss could propably find someone else who would put up with it.

It was halfway through the week that Mr Kirtley first referred to spanking. Up till then his remarks had related to sex: intercourse. Mostly how often did she and Ian do it. He had finally got her to admit that they did it virtually every night. Julie didn't want to admit to doing it more than once a night although of course they sometimes did.

Julie said 'What' and Mr Kirtley said, 'You know. Taking your knickers down and smacking your bottom. Young wives frequently get that from their husbands if they're not quite up to the mark in something. Didn't you get it at

school?'

Julie, colouring, said No. Mr Kirtley asked if she had had any men teachers and she said she had.

'Well,' he said, 'I bet they were just dying to slip your knickers down and get that lovely bottom. Of course girls can get it in an office too, you know.'

His hand had reached behind Julie and squeezed her bottom. 'You wouldn't mind that, would you, my dear?' he asked. 'If I had a complaint about your work?'

Julie squirmed away, unhappy with the hand groping her bottom. She assumed he must be joking, but

the thought of it made her go all hot and cold. She **assumed** it was a joke but later, when it was time to go home and he got her coat for her and did his usual bit of groping, Mr Kirtley said, 'You wouldn't mind, would you, Julie? Having your bottom spanked I mean.'

Flushing, Julie said, 'Yes I **would**.' Mr Kirtley laughed. 'Well we'll have to wait and see about that'.

Julie still thought he was joking but she happened to mention it to Elaine when she saw her that evening. Elaine made a face. 'He might **not** be. Angela Collins gets her bottom spanked by her boss. She told me. He said: 'Don't be silly, it won't hurt; and if you don't like it I'll have to get someone else who doesn't mind. Your typing speed isn't all that marvellous, you know.'

Angela was a pretty brunette, a

year older than Julie and also married. Elaine added, 'He takes her knickers down.' Julie felt suddenly weak at the knees; it was too awful to contemplate.

But Mr Kirtley didn't mention bottom smacking at all on Thursday and Julie decided it **was** a joke and he had forgotten it. He didn't mention it on Friday morning either and then at lunchtime there was that awful, awful time at the pub with Mr





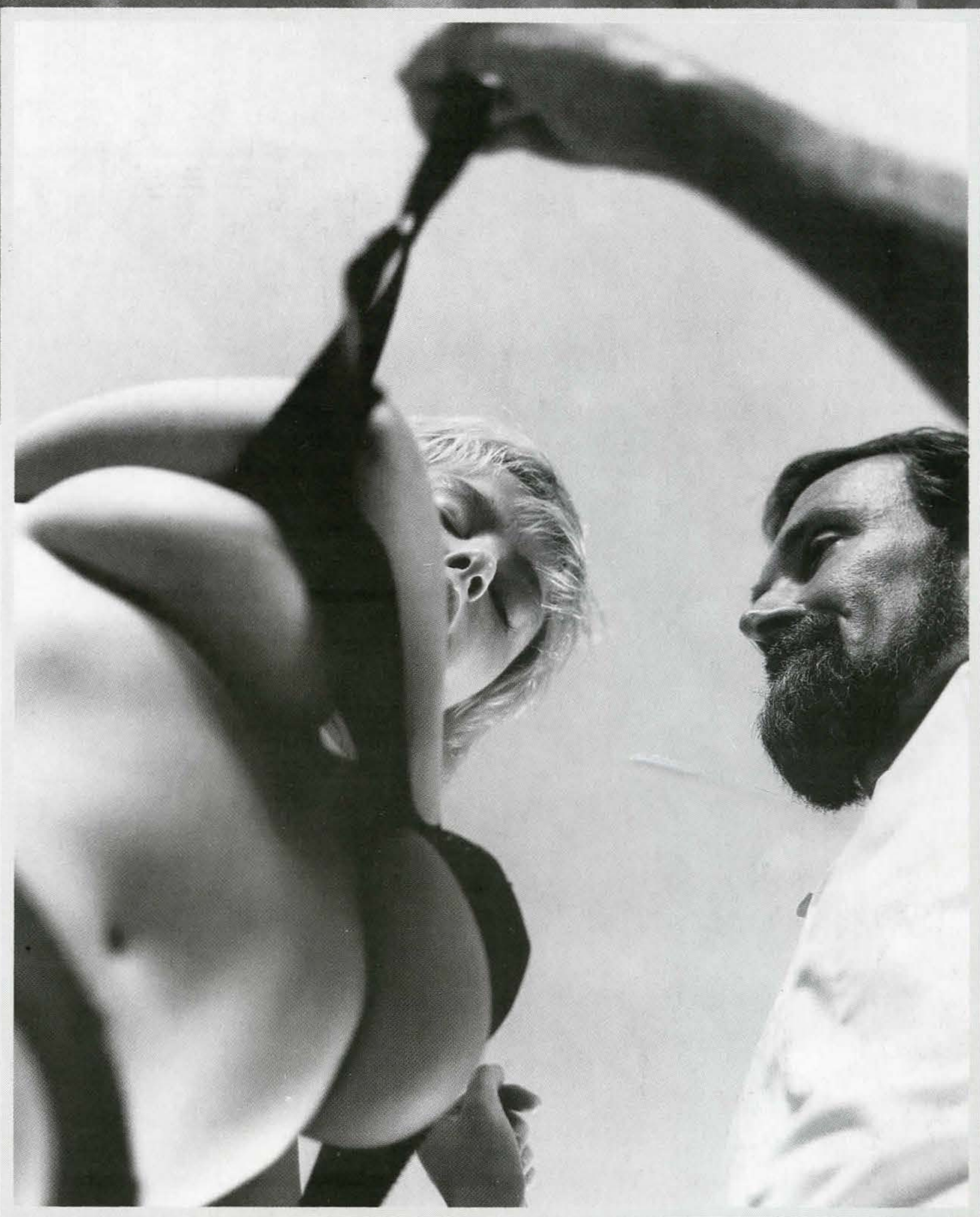
Kirtley's colleagues. At 3 o'clock when Julie brought Mr Kirtley his tea he said, 'They are really taken with you, Julie. They'd like you to go with them for a drink on a regular basis.'

Julie, who hadn't been able to get that horrible experience out of her head, gasped, 'No! No way!'

'Well I like to oblige my colleagues,' said Mr Kirtley. 'I don't see why you shouldn't.'

'No! Please!' Julie yelped. 'They...they're just hateful.'

Mr Kirtley gave her a funny look. 'I don't know,' he said slowly. He paused. 'Look, I tell you what. I've been thinking — one or two things in your performance **could** be improved; nothing serious but a **few** little things you need taking to task about. So I tell you what: you let me smack that pretty bottom for those little shortcomings, and then I'll tell those fellows that I'm afraid you're always busy at lunchtime.'





'Not' she yelped.
Mr Kirtley said, 'Well you think it over, Julie. I don't think I'm being unreasonable. It's not unreasonable to ask you to accompany colleagues for a drink at lunchtime, and it's not unreasonable to suggest you accept a little friendly discipline in your work. There are plenty of girls looking for jobs at the moment, you know.'

It was a bombshell. How could Mr Kirtley be so awful. He had been doing his groping and making his remarks about sex and Julie had reluctantly made herself accept that.

But **this!** And he probably meant it. The thought came to her that quite possibly he had taken her to the pub with those characters just to use as a threat for this other thing. Spanking her bottom. She recalled Elaine's words: **Angela's boss takes her knickers down.** Julie felt herself sweating.

Somehow she got through the rest of the afternoon — without Mr Kirtley referring again to his ultimatum. At 5 o'clock he got her coat. Julie was trembling all over. His hand slid over her boobs as usual. 'Well?' he asked.

Numbly she shook her head.

Mr Kirtley laughed. 'There's the weekend to think about it. But I shall want an answer on Monday.' His hand briefly groped at her bottom. Then he produced a parcel in brightly coloured paper tied with ribbon. 'A little present,' he said.

When she got home Julie locked herself in the bathroom and opened it. The parcel contained two sexy suspender belts, one black, the other pale blue; plus four pairs of sheer seamed nylons. There was a note in Mr Kirtley's handwriting: **So much more interesting than tights. Please wear on Monday.**

Julie of course normally wore

tights. She felt a bit sick. Then Ian was knocking at the door. 'Hey; what're you doing?' She hurriedly hid the parcel in a cupboard and opened the door.

Ian at once made it clear what he wanted which was to have sex. A couple of times that week they had done it right after work just like those awful men had said. It was Ian who wanted it, just like now, and he could normally very soon get Julie aroused and ready. Even so she felt it wasn't quite proper to be so desperate to do it right away and would have preferred to wait at least until after she'd made their evening





meal. When she said that Ian just laughed and started taking her clothes off, which was what he did now.

Julie was very tense, due of course to Mr Kirtley. Doing it, she knew, would probably relax her but at the same time she was annoyed at Ian for just grabbing her like that. She struggled, and a button on her blouse burst off. That button somehow seemed the last straw. 'No!' she blurted, 'I don't want to,' tears starting in her eyes. But Ian got angry and said he was going to make her. And he did just that, dragging her into the bedroom and onto the bed. That was really horrible.

Obviously it was all Mr Kirtley's fault and they had made it up by bed time. Julie was still thinking of Mr Kirtley, though, this time she co-operated with Ian. Monday morning. If he meant it she would have to say yes. Her mind insisted on picturing it. Over Mr Kirtley's lap; her skirt up and...her knickers down? Ian on top of her was making groaning sounds of pleasure. Ian of course knew nothing of her problems with Mr Kirtley. She had simply told Ian that her boss was quite nice.

Monday morning. The alarm went off but Julie had already been lying awake in bed. Thinking about what was to come. She got up and went in the bathroom, then when Ian was in there she got dressed. Under her skirt she put on the suspender belt. The blue one, with a pair of pale blue knickers. Lying awake she had told herself she wouldn't wear it, she would put on her tights as usual and if Mr Kirtley said anything she would just tell him she wasn't going to. That was what she had told herself, but then...

Trembling hands pulled the nylons taut and fastened the suspender clasps. Hot-faced, Julie flipped her skirt down as Ian came in the bedroom. She didn't know what she would say if he discovered she had them on — as he so easily could. But he didn't. He dropped her off at her office, giving her a quick kiss. His hand mounded her boob through the light coat. Like Mr Kirtley's hand...

Mr Kirtley's hands took off the coat and hung it up, then came back to stroke Julie's boobs. She had on a pink-and-blue blouse and her full dark blue skirt. She thought: I should have worn a straight skirt; as Mr Kirtley pulled her close. 'Now then,' he murmured. His hand on her bottom, through the skirt. And then down, exploring... 'Ah...'

Julie yelped as the hand pulled her skirt up at the back, then gasped as his other hand slid onto the backs of her warm bare thighs above the

stocking tops. She gasped but didn't pull away: a rabbit caught by a weasel. The hand caressed, exploring the taut nylons' rims, the suspender straps. His voice softly caressing, 'Good girl, Julie. Mmm... what lovely thighs...' It was awful, she was trembling like a leaf. But it was only the nylons, not the other thing. Perhaps...

That persuasive voice. 'And the other little thing, Julie? That other matter?'

She shook her head wildly. 'No... you can't...' he squeezed her bottom, then let go of her. 'Lunchtime,' he said.

At lunchtime he got Julie's coat. 'We'll have a little drink at my place,' he said. 'And...you know...' Julie looked, hot-eyed. 'Unless of course you'd rather go to the pub with that other lot.'

There was not surprisingly no one in, no sign of Mrs Kirtley, when they got there. Mr Kirtley asked, 'Would you like a drink first?' Numb, Julie shook her head. A drink would make her sick. 'OK', he said. 'Then let's get on with it. Slip your knickers down.'

They were in his lounge, an ordinary looking room with a sofa and chairs, pictures on the walls; all the normal things. Standing in this ordinary room it didn't seem possible for him to be saying that. Julie felt sick even though she hadn't had the drink.

Mr Kirtley moved forward. 'Come on,' he said. 'Let me do it.' It was like a dream — or a nightmare; it couldn't be actually **happening**. Mr Kirtley's arms round her, grabbing up the full blue skirt, then scrabbling at her knickers, dragging them down. And then backing onto a chair. She was over his lap, head down, skirt up round her waist; the



pale blue knickers down round the tight rims of the tautly-suspended stockings.

Mr Kirtley's hand fondling, caressing, the bare ripe peach of her bottom. And then smacking. His hand splatting in onto the jelly-like globes. Pistol-like cracks, each producing a jiggling wobble, each drawing forth from the lowered head a gurgling groan.

It hurt, sharply stinging smacks which coalesced into a dull aching pain, but at the same time there was a feeling of unreality, as if in spite of that stinging ache in her bottom it was happening to someone else. That feeling of lightheadedness, dizziness, persisted as vaguely Julie was aware of her knickers being drawn on down, and off. Mr Kirtley's face, red and smiling, and his hand with a glass. Cool white wine that **didn't** make her feel sick. She seemed to be drinking two or three and afterwards things became even more vague. Was she with Ian? On their sofa where once or twice they had done it right after getting home from work? Or...it couldn't be...because...someone — it must be Ian — was saying breathlessly, 'Is this nice?' and Julie heard her own voice answer, equally breathless, 'Yes...yes...Oooh yes!'

Afterwards she didn't feel very well and Mr Kirtley said why didn't she take the afternoon off. He drove her home which was nice of him.

Gradually her head cleared. She wandered distractedly around, not knowing what to do with herself. She was sitting on the sofa when Ian got back. **Their** sofa — whereas if she thought about it Julie knew that at lunchtime it had been **Mr Kirtley's** sofa. But she didn't want to think about it. Ian said, 'Hey, you're back early!'

Sitting down with her on the sofa he very soon discovered the nylons and suspender belt. 'Hey!' Julie heard herself say, 'I...uh...just thought I'd get them.' Ian pulled her skirt up and got very excited.

Very soon they were doing it on the sofa; Ian hot and eager, Julie responding, automatically, not fighting it, simply letting it happen. She tried to shut it out but her thoughts kept insisting on returning to that other sofa at lunchtime. Mr Kirtley. Yes, she knew it was Mr Kirtley's voice saying 'Is this nice'. And her own voice responding, 'Yes...yes...Oooh yes...' She knew it although it seemed impossible. It was impossible but she was going to have to be there again, at the office, at 9 tomorrow. Mr Kirtley, when he had dropped her off, his hand briefly under her skirt at a suspender strap, had said, 'Wear the black one tomorrow.'

In a way, it had been a rather foolish thing to do. A deliberate act of defiance, one might say. But when one is 17 and really starting to grow up, it is most hurtful and humiliating to be spoken to, and treated like, a child.

How different it was, thought Tamsyn, from her previous school in Somerset. There, the climate had been clement; here, in the Highlands of Scotland it was wet and bleak, even though it was still only early Autumn. There, she had been treated with a certain amount of respect, been made a Monitor and Games Captain; here, she was simply a new girl and treated like a kid.

Those Rules, especially about dress, were ridiculous! No wonder she had defied them. 'They' must have known about those Rules, she now realised. 'They' being her irksome Guardians who had sent her to this remote private school when the household move to Scotland had been finalised. Why? Tamsyn was beginning to suspect that 'they' had rightly concluded what she thought of them. A little bit of getting their own back.

'A year's schooling under stricter discipline will do you no harm at all,' 'he' had said. 'You've been having it too easy at Hiscott House.'

'She' had obviously agreed since 'she' was responsible for purchasing the absurd outfit laid down in the Rules, a copy of which must obviously have been sent in advance. Neither bra nor tights were permitted, as they had been at Hiscott. Now she must wear only plain green serge knickers. Both ugly and uncomfortable. Above that, she had to wear a white blouse with a tie, a black gym slip with a sash. On her feet she to put a pair of low-heeled black shoes, these going over a pair of calf-length white socks. The regulation garb of a 12 year old girl! Good Lord, at Hiscott, once a girl was in her teens, she was allowed to wear black or blue skirts, smartly cut and shirts, blouses or pullovers of her own choosing. They had even begun to turn a blind eye to tee-shirts.



The Aspirant

Now this!

One of the worst things was, whether by accident or design, 'she' had purchased gym slips which were far too short. Tamsyn had tried on all four of them. All were exactly the same. They would have to be changed, even if it was expensive. She wasn't going to walk about with three-quarters of her bare thighs showing. Besides, it was cold after one had got used to wearing tights.

There was a ghastly bleakness about this place, too. It was called Gairloch. Those rooms she had seen were barely furnished, high-ceilinged and cold. They reminded Tamsyn a little of pictures she had seen of Victorian Boarding Schools. Miss Crawford, the Headmistress, looked like something Victorian as well. Tall and rawboned, of indeterminate age, eyes pale blue and watery, it seemed as if her rosy features had been scrubbed with carbolic soap. Perhaps they had, thought Tamsyn. These Scots seemed to revel in a Spartan existence.

That first interview with Miss Crawford had been depressing and scary. 'No make up at all is allowed here, Tamsyn, you'll find that in our Rules.' A small matt-blue booklet was handed to her. 'Learn them and, above all, obey them.' Tamsyn had felt the bubble of anger and resentment swell within her but had managed to remain silent. 'The first thing that you will do when you leave this room is to remove that filth.'

Filth? Tamsyn could hold her tongue no longer. 'I'm 17 now,' she began, 'and at Hiscott...' An imperiously raised hand halted her.

'Yes, you are 17, Tamsyn,' Miss Crawford had agreed. 'Old enough to be married. But here at Gairloch your role is that of a schoolgirl. You had better accept that for, unlike your previous resting place, we have disciplinary standards here.' The words 'resting place' had been uttered with scorn; seemingly the Headmistress could not bring herself to call it a school Disciplinary standards? Tamsyn had wondered about that in a nervous kind of way. It seemed more and more likely

'they' had deliberately contrived this. 'You may go now and put on your new uniform. Then go and report to the School Doctor for a medical check-up. Off with you!'

Off with you! Such a childlike dismissal. Again anger flared within Tamsyn. 'God, what a dump,' she had said rather loudly as she stomped from the room. That, too, had been filled with Victoriana — even including a tall, domed, glass case filled with tropical birds which looked as if they could do with a good dusting.

Tamsyn hadn't bothered to look at any old Rules and had sulked on the end bed of her empty dorm for half an hour or more. Where was everyone? The place was so deathly quiet. There must be another building where classes were held. Reluctantly, Tamsyn had at last forced herself to take off her own clothes but, once the green serge knickers were pulled up, she pushed them straight down again. To hell with that! She would keep on her own briefs *and* her bra. What difference did it make anyway? That little act of defiance had compensated somewhat from the increasing humiliation Tamsyn had felt as she had put on the rest of the outfit supplied her. That absurd sash! She had almost left it off, then decided otherwise. Better not go too far until one knew the ropes.

Tamsyn had been just about ready when she heard footsteps on the wooden floor at the far end of her dorm. A tall, pale-faced girl with flaxen hair was approaching. She looks older than I am, thought Tamsyn immediately and looked at the girl with increasing dismay. Not only was her long hair fastened into two pigtails but her gym slip reached only a quarter of the way down her long thighs. The awful — not to say frightening — thought came upon Tamsyn that this must be a 'regulation' length!

'Are you Tamsyn, the new girl?' The voice was low and well-modulated. That of a woman, really. Light brown eyes were filled with sadness.

'Yes...that's right...I...'

'I am to take you to the Doctor. Follow me, please.'

As cold as the school itself, Tamsyn had thought. 'I say...this is a funny sort of place...' she started to say.

The girl had turned almost impatiently upon her. 'Idle chatter is forbidden,' she said. 'One can be punished for it. So I shall not answer your questions.'

Tamsyn had followed on in impatient silence. Not only did she not like Gairloch one little bit, it was now beginning to frighten her.

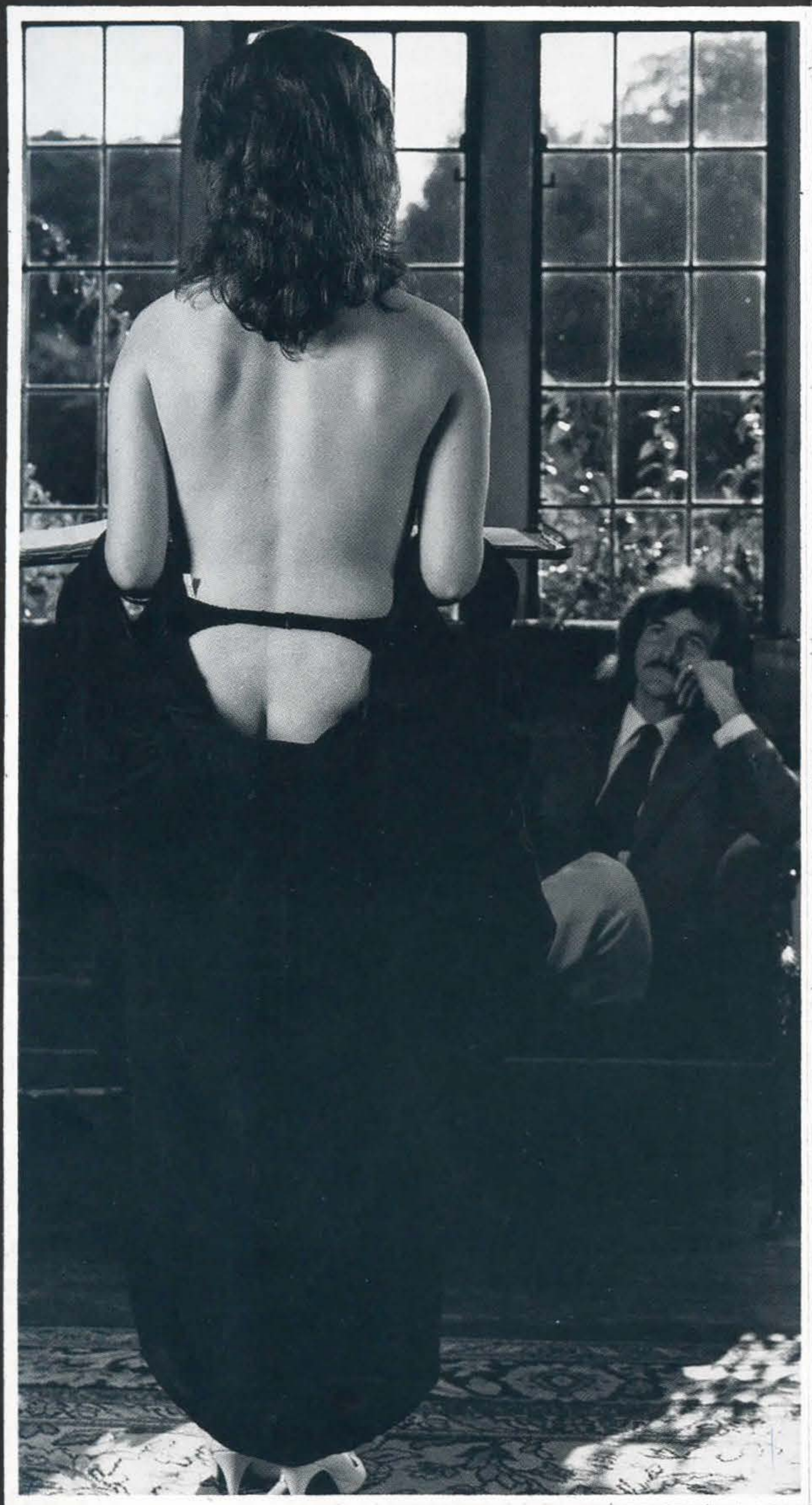
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The Doctor was white-coated, pinched of features and nearing middle age. That was commonplace enough. What stubbed Tamsyn was the fact that he was a man. A man in a girls' school? That was most unusual; unnecessary in a way. Still, with all this sexual equality...

'You will be Tamsyn Harvey.' Bony, white fingers flipped a card on the desk.

'Yes...yes...I...I've just arrived.' Tamsyn was disconcerted by another pair of cold blue eyes; steelier this time.





'You will have been interviewed by the Headmistress and read the school rules. Why, therefore, are you wearing make up?' A voice was crisp and dispassionate. Now the bony white fingers drummed on the desk.

'Well...I mean...I've only just arrived. You can't expect me to...to get organised instantly...' Tamsyn felt herself at a loss under that relentless gaze; felt her spine





pricking. She took a step back and gasped as the Doctor rose from behind his desk. She gasped even louder as he gripped her by the nape of her neck and forced her towards a wash-basin to one side of the room.

'If you won't do it yourself, I'll do it for you!'

The next moment, Tamsyn found her face well down into the basin and there was water running. 'Stop... stopp...it...stooo...oopp!' She fought unsuccessfully to break the painful grip of her neck...a grip similar to that in which one held a puppy, she thought with fury. A small scrubbing brush was rubbed over a bar of red soap, then the brush was transferred to her face. It hurt. Tamsyn shrieked. Eyebrows, eyelids, cheeks, lips...all were bristled back to their natural state. Tamsyn, released, sobbed over the basin and was filled in equal measures with pain and frustration. The soap, she suddenly realised, was carbolic.

'Come back here, Tamsyn.' The Doctor was back at his desk again, brisk and impersonal as ever. 'I am now going to examine you. Remove your gym-slip and blouse. That is all that will be necessary for the moment.'



Irrationally, Tamsyn found herself blushing. After all, he was a Doctor... and she had taken her clothes off in front of male Doctors often enough before. So why did she feel embarrassed now? Maybe it was because of the way he had scrubbed her face...making her feel considerably less than a smart young lady. She untied the sash, then pulled the short gym-slip up over her head. Fetchingly and briefly displayed was a pink and black bra and pantie set. Young breasts wobbled and quivered; a prominent pubic mound flecked tufts of downy-brown hair beyond the tight confines of the taut V of those panties. The Doctor's eyes became less steely and more interested. Though a Doctor, he was also human, after all. One needed influence to get the job of part-time Medic. at Gairloch. He had it. He was the Headmistress's nephew.

'I note,' said Dr MacPhee, 'that either you have not read our School Rules or you have arrogantly disobeyed Miss Crawford's instructions. You are wearing underclothes of what I can only describe as of an almost indecent nature — whereas, you should be wearing your school knickers.'

Tamsyn found herself flushing even more deeply. Also, she now felt so horribly vulnerable with hardly anything on at all. This man didn't seem like a Doctor to her; simply more like an ordinary man. 'I...I've only just got here,' she heard herself saying. 'I haven't...we...haven't had time to get adjusted. Does it matter all that much?' She suddenly realised she had been accepting the fact that wearing a simple bra and pantie set was somehow indecent. Absurd! What was the matter with these people?

'It matters a *lot!*' came the sharp response. 'At Gairloch, Rules are laid down and Rules are obeyed.' Dr MacPhee paused, tweaking his sharp nose. 'Rightly,' he said after a while, 'I should send you to the Headmistress. For correction.'

'Correction?' Tamsyn's brown eyes widened disbelievably.

'Yes. She would probably cane you. She canes most new girls who think they can break our Rules with impunity.'

'Cane me?' The voice was a squeak of utter incredulity.

'That's right,' replied Dr MacPhee. 'Gairloch has a long tradition of corporal punishment. That's why most parents — or guardians — send their daughters here. Weren't you aware of that, Tamsyn?'

'No...no...ooo!' It was a keening whine of horror...and, burying her

face in her hands, bending forward, the girl began to sob. How could 'they' have sent her to such an awful place? How could such things be allowed in this day and age? It was all so impossible; yet it was happening. Somerset and Hiscott House seemed a million miles away.

* * * *

'Drink this...'

Tamsyn held out her hand, took a tumbler and drank. The taste was strange but not unpleasant; the effect was like that of drinking alcohol. A lot of the Fifth Year at Hiscott had experimented with gin and tonics. She began to feel a little better. 'Thanks,' she murmured.

'Now, Tamsyn,' the Doctor was saying, 'I am going to consider the matter of sending you to the Headmistress.' A hand went up. 'No, don't interrupt. I only said I would consider it. Meanwhile, I must examine you. Kindly remove the rest of your undergarments.'

'If...if I must...'

'Of course you must! It is my duty to examine all new entrants to Gairloch. Who knows what epidemic you might be bringing from the West Country?' The smile was thin and a little twisted. Blue eyes watched eagerly as hands went up behind to unclip a bra. Dr MacPhee almost sighed. No matter how many pairs one saw, the charm of a young pair of budding breasts could not be denied. Down went the little briefs; a soft-haired but most bushy triangle was revealed. Then he was close, absorbing the clean scent of her, seeing her goose-pimple and shiver. 'I shall have to measure you.'

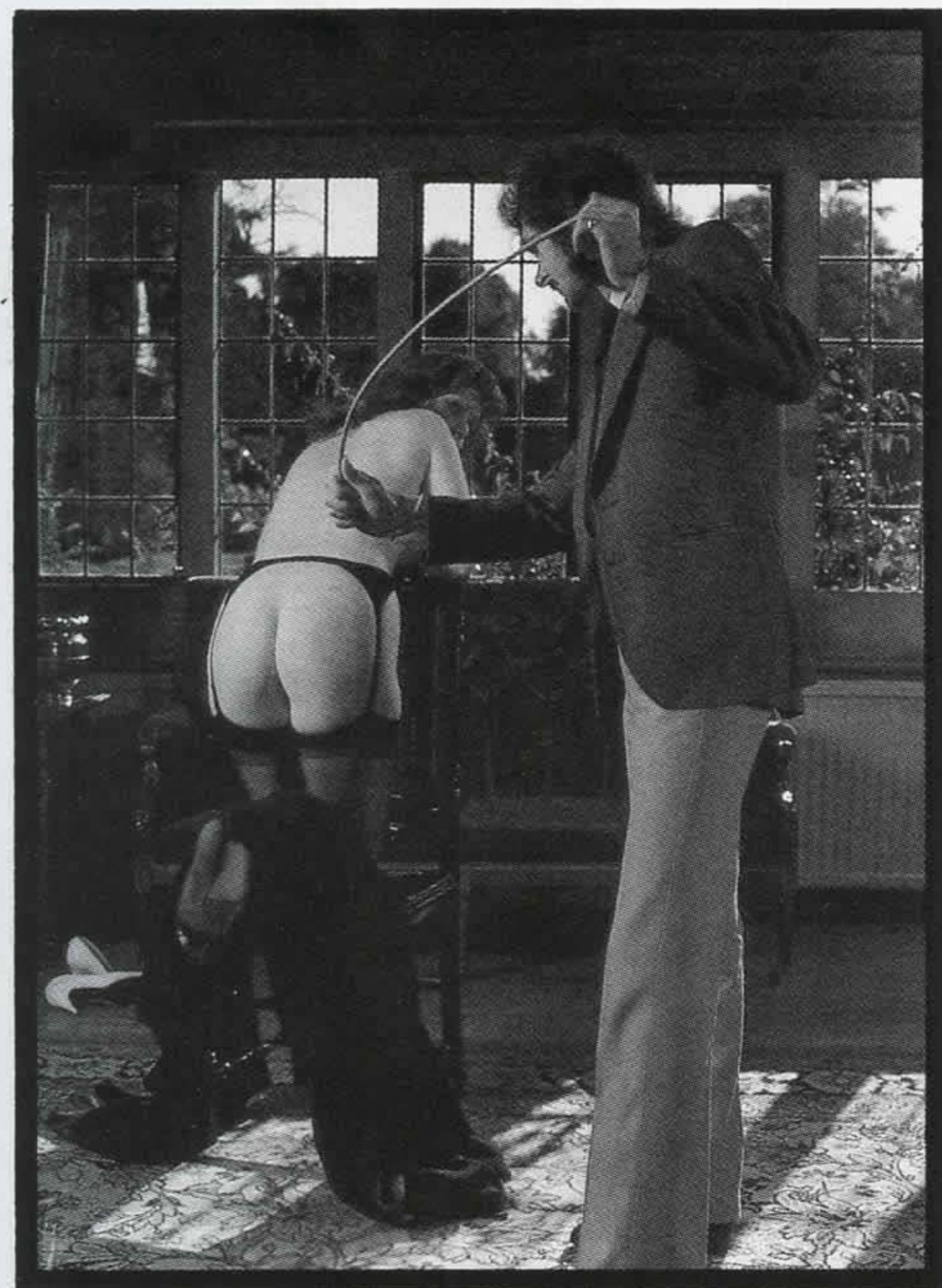
A cold tape-measure went around that warm-young flesh. More shivers. Oh the feel of that flesh! The soft breasts, the firm slim waist, the well-curved buttocks. Still only 17. Enchanting! Dr MacPhee resisted the temptation to insist upon a vaginal examination but contented himself with copious use of his stethoscope both fore and aft on that ripening torso. Particularly fore. Those ripening white pears would soon be even more edible.

'Open wide...'

A pink-lipped mouth was opened, small, strong white teeth displayed. A spatula pressed down a delicate pink tongue. Perforce, those bare breasts were brushing against him. Mmm...yes. 'Say...Aaahh....' 'Aaahhh' was duly said and all was well. Dr MacPhee re-seated himself. 'Now a few simple questions Tamsyn.'

'May I put my clothes on, please?'

'No. Not yet. There are other



matters.' He saw the girl fold her arms over her wobbling titties. 'Have you had any illnesses, apart from the normal childhood ones?'

'No...no...'

'Are you a virgin, Tamsyn?'

A renewed rush of colour. 'Of course! Of course I a-am...at least...I think I am...I do quite a lot of riding, you see.'

Dr MacPhee did see and smiled faintly. Riding was just about the most common of all excuses for losing the hymen. So few girls would openly admit they'd had it away with some likely lad. 'I see,' he said.

'P-please...can't I dress now? It's so cold in this place.'

'No,' came the firm reply. 'There is still the matter of your wilful disobedience to be dealt with. Unless you'd like me to send you immediately to Miss Crawford?'

'Oh...no...I don't think so...no...no...' Somehow the prospect of facing that bony-faced harridan seemed a worse prospect than standing virtually nude before this man, doctor though he was.

'Very well, Tamsyn.' Dr MacPhee stood up, opened a drawer in his desk and withdrew a sample of that most traditional instruments of Scottish correction...a three-thonged Lochgelly tawse.

'No...oooo!' It was a shriek. 'You're not going to use that...on me!'

Again that faint, twisted smile. 'Not unless you prefer me to send you to the Headmistress. For, virtually, a certain caning.'

'It can't be...it can't be...t-true..' Again hands covered that distraught face. Why, oh why, had she not been sensible enough to pull on those horrible green serge knickers?

* * * *

'I am not going to be too severe on you, Tamsyn. Largely because you are new here.' It had taken Dr. MacPhee a good ten minutes to persuade the girl that it was better for her that she bend over his desk than face Miss Crawford with her cane. Now he surveyed creamy-white curves of youthful hind-quarters. Lush globes split by a downy valley. How tightly pressed together were those thighs, yet how little could be hidden! And what wasn't hidden looked exquisitely virginal, even though it might not be. Riding, indeed!

'P-please...must you...must you? Can't you let me off? I know I was silly...but...I...I am new here...'

'You are indeed,' nodded Dr. MacPhee. He gave a little cough and tried to look stern, though the direction and intensity of his gaze



remained the same as ever. 'I am going to give you four strokes of the tawse, Tamsyn. That's all. But they will hurt...believe me, they will hurt...'

'Please no...please...I don't think I can b-bear it...' Those young, rounded buttocks shuddered violently with dread.

'Oh yes you will,' advised the Doctor. 'What is more, it will guarantee far better behaviour from you in future.'

The leather tawse, three-thonged, swung up, then down. It thwacked loudly over those bare, thrusting curves...bringing pain hitherto quite unimagined and producing three rosy stripes of the deepest hue. Stripes each a half an inch wide; stripes which curled around and bit into the most tender of young flanks. It was all too much for Tamsyn. In an instant, she was down on the floor on her knees, yelping out in agonised disbelief, hands clamping most urgently to both halves of her twisting bottom.

Dr. MacPhee smiled indulgently. It was most gratifying to know that, by that one simple sweep of his arm, he had ensured that this rather rebellious youngster would never wear bra and panties again whilst she stayed at Gairloch. She would always wear green serge knickers, of that he was already sure.

What she would not do...or would be prepared to do...after another three similar strokes from

the Lochgelly, remained to be seen. It was an interesting speculation. In his experience, after only a couple of such strokes, these young rebels could often turn out to be quite remarkably submissive. One could only wait and see.

'Tamsyn' he said in a voice which sounded as if it was tinged with compassion, 'I want you to get up off the floor and bend over my desk again. That would be best...definitely best...for you.'

'Oohh...no...I can't...I can't...don't s-say that...don't...'

'Tamsyn, don't be a naughty girl. You don't want to make me send for Miss Crawford now, do you? Not after we've started. Miss Crawford would bring her cane, you know...'

'Nooo...ooo!' It was another of those despairing shrieks. Another of those disbelieving shrieks. How, it asked, could such a place exist?

'I am afraid I would have to, you know. Only my duty.' Dr. MacPhee watched, outwardly calm but inwardly seething, as the girl forced herself up and then back over his desk. How delightfully those nates clenched and clenched again! He waited...he encouraged...he told her to grip tight...he told her to be brave. He was full of good advice. Like most of those in the medical profession.

Finally he brought down that three-thonged tawse sweeping down again...to lay three slim swathes of burning torment across delicately vulnerable, quite inexperienced flesh.

A none too confident knock on the door was followed by Miss Crawford's command to 'Enter!'. Ian MacPhee turned the handle and obeyed.

'Ahhh...finished your examination then?'

'Yes Aunt...'

A spasm of irritation crossed Miss Crawford's bony, ruby-glowing face. 'How often have I told you not to address me as 'Aunt' in this room, Ian? Here we are Miss Crawford and Dr. MacPhee, when on duty, I advise you to remember that.'

'Sorry...Miss Crawford...' The slim, pinched figure stood awkwardly. It strove to withstand the overwhelmingly derisive female gaze from across the room.

'The girl is fit...and well?'

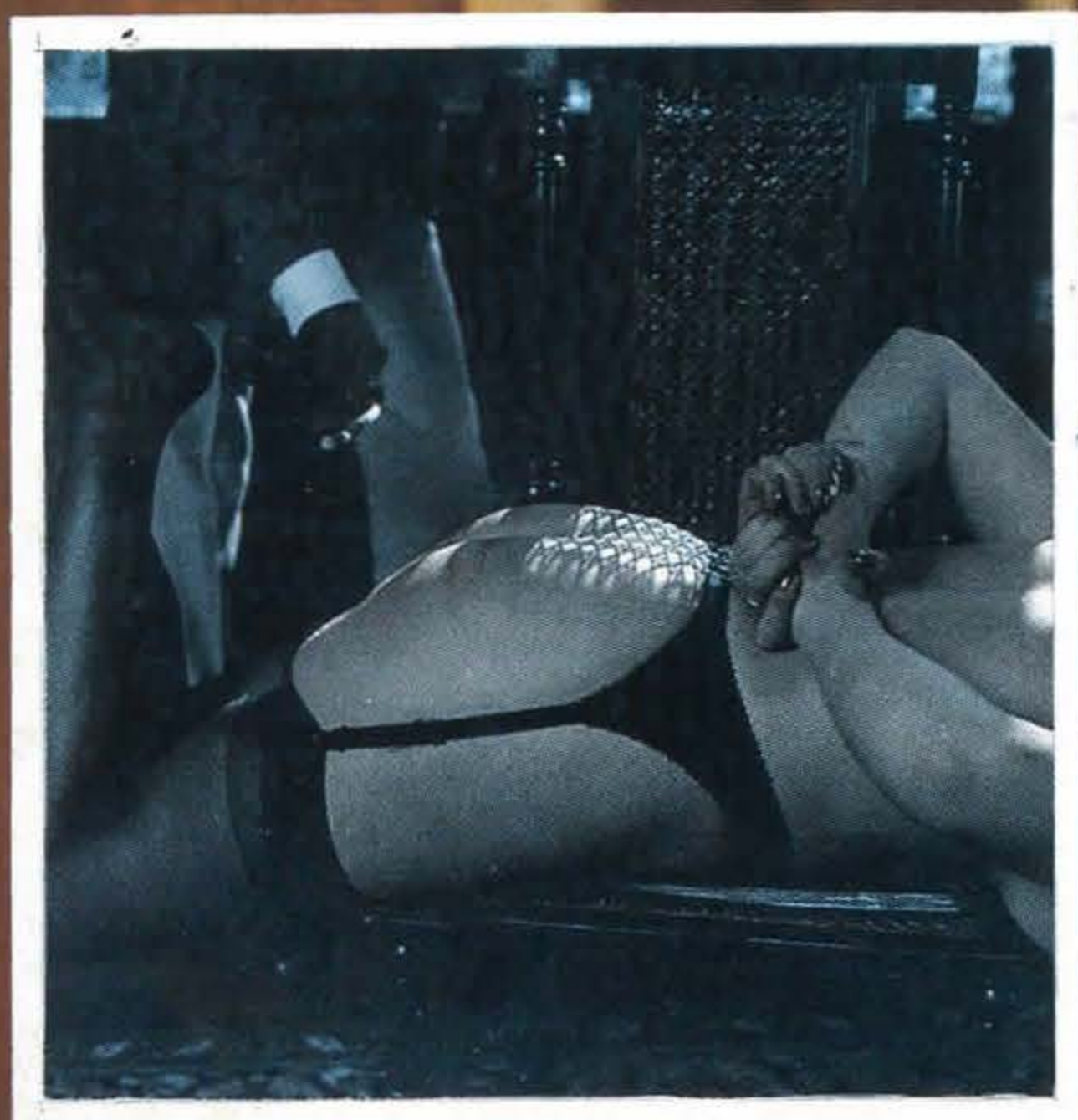
'Yes Miss Crawford.' A nervous twitch; a pause. 'I am afraid the new girl had broken the Rules. I had to take remedial measures.'

Miss Crawford sighed, her eyebrows went up. 'Nothing unusual about that,' she rapped out sarcastically. Ian MacPhee stood silent. It was unwise to antagonise his Aunt by enraging in verbal ripostes. 'Why wasn't she sent to me?'

'I...er...I didn't think the matter was serious enough, Miss Crawford.'

The Headmistress shrugged resignedly; almost condescendingly. She made a gesture which almost seemed to say — 'my turn will





come.' 'Very Well!' Miss Crawford's manner now suddenly became brusque and business-like. 'Now, Ian, you can get back to your important duties. There is the heating system to be over-hauled and the lawns to be mown before first frosts. All this week. understood?

'Yes, Aunt...I'll see to it...' What were a few such chores compared to his perks?

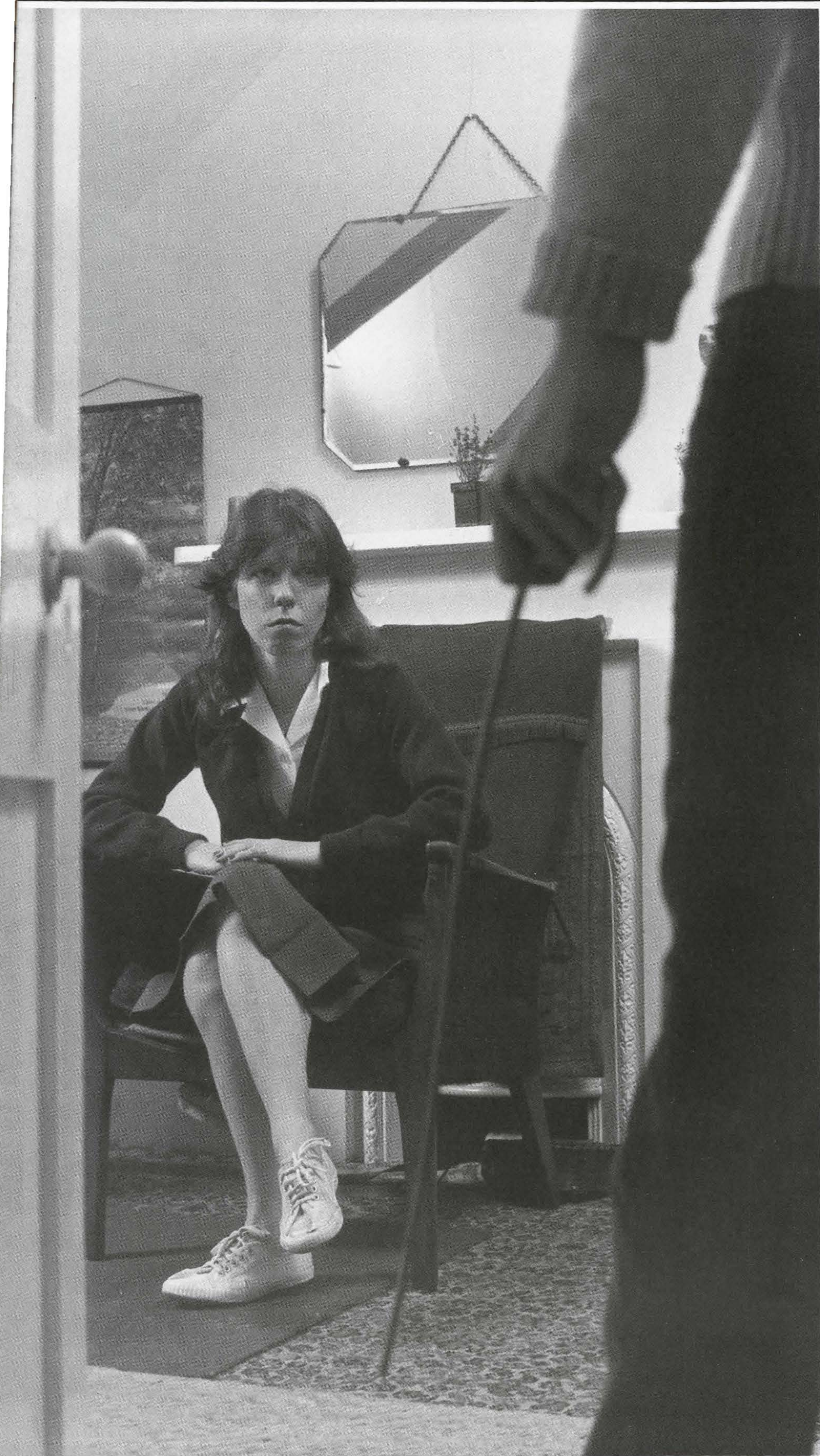
'Do that.' The Head of Gairloch gave a nod of dismissal and he hurried from the room. There was a smug expression on those raw-boned features.

Nephew he was but Doctor he certainly was not. No more than a failed pharmacist. All the same, he was useful to have about the place. Certainly a damn good handyman.

One worth keeping on almost indefinitely.



AN EDUCATIONAL PURPOSE



'You said nothing about this aspect before, Mark', Anthea said to me with a tinge of primness in her voice such as I had not heard hitherto.

Dammit, the trap of female illogicality had sprung on me again. For several months I/we had been planning a series of seminars for girls which we intended to hold in the house. It was big enough for it, after all. Apart from anything else we had three bedrooms going spare. I had retired from the Headship of a school to enter with considerable enthusiasm into the project, and almost everything was by then decided, right down to the curricula.

Almost everything, that is, except apparently the subject I had just brought up. Privately I thought of it as 'advanced education'. Publically there was virtually only the term 'discipline' to fall back on. Not only had I just used the latter in conversation with Anthea but had made the evidently major error of showing her my oldest and favourite cane. It had a thirty-degree bend to it just over halfway up. Some thirty young, bare bottoms before that, it had been straight, but I preferred the slight bend now. It offered up a better angle of approach.

'Discipline has no less an educational purpose than anything else we have been discussing, Anthea', I said patiently. She had always seemed to me to have an open mind on most subjects, but on this one she was closing up.

'And you imagine that I would collaborate in *that*?' she asked. Her voice didn't exactly rise to a squeak, but it did sharpen itself rather in its passage across her tongue.

There's no answer to that, of course, but I ventured a mild one by saying, 'Frankly, dear, it never occurred to me that you would object. In that sense I mentioned it only as an afterthought, and thought to show that...that *thing*, as well?', she sneered. A flush rose in her cheeks. I didn't know why. It seemed to me a very odd reaction from one I had lived with these past five years, though we had — for tax and other purposes — never entered into formal marriage.

My ire rose as quickly as a certain part of my anatomy had sometimes done when I was employing the very instrument that lay across my lap. Did that occur to her, and was she jealous of it? We had long agreed, I thought, that jealousy was a dire waste of emotion. Besides, Anthea was good in bed. My mistake was to equate that with the idea (quite imaginery on my part) that certain extra-mural activities of the kind I had in mind would eventually tingle-up a possibly latent interest in her.

Her sneer sharpened up my defences. 'It is not a *thing*, Anthea, but a cane. It's purpose...'

'I *don't* want to hear about it! If you intend that sort of thing, Mark, then you can count me out. I simply don't want to be involved in it, you understand? It's an outrage to a girl's modesty. It's...' But I cut in on her then. I don't mind lecturing, but damned if I'll be lectured to. There was no more enforced 'exhibiting', I said, than there was in the voluntary showing off of half naked bottoms on a beach in summer. That sort of thing, I said, but it got me nowhere. The altercation merged into a proper row. The row became a blazing one, and finally Anthea grabbed her car keys and went. Just went. And so quickly, I noticed, that she left her front door key lying on one of the side units in the kitchen where she usually dropped it on coming in.

It was then that Susan came down, lightfooted as ever. I judged that she'd heard the beginnings of a row and tactfully stayed out of sight in her room until the front door slammed.

'Daddy...', she began. 'Don't call me that', I said, 'you don't have to, and I'm not.' There was too much of an edge in my voice, but that was Anthea's fault. The term was one that Susan had grown into, on and off. She had only been twelve when I moved in. In part it had got to be a habit with her. It didn't matter anyway, I said then apologetically, but then the obvious struck me.

'You heard what we were rowing about, I suppose', I said. 'Yes' she said and her voice was in the millimetre bracket rather than the centimetre one. I ventured then my next remark which I swear I never intended to make. 'And you agree with your mother, I suppose?'

Susan turned away from me then and fiddled with the leaves of a plant on the windowsill. 'She won't be helping you much, then, will she?', she said without looking at me.

'I guess not', I replied, but then a small door opened in my mind and all of a sudden I got a different image of her. In a way, you get so used to seeing someone that finally you practically don't. Not in any detail, anyway. But with that details began to emerge, and I suppose I began with her ankles and then meandered up to her calves, all of which I could see as well as the engaging dipping of the backs of her knees. Her skirt was grey and it isn't a skirt I am ever likely to forget. It hugged her bottom closely, sweeping under her cheeks slightly before it assumed its relatively brief hang again and dipped its hem down to just above her knees.

Susan's hips were good already then. If I were to say 'graspable'

it will probably sound greedy, but that is certainly what they were. And if I had taken a tape measure to her waist I doubt if I could have tracked out more than twenty-one inches.

My next sentence came as unrehearsed as any that day, but certainly the intervening silence appeared to invite it. 'And you wouldn't be able to help', I said. The question mark I inserted was so faint that it practically curled up on the carpet and died instantly. 'Because I don't know anything about it — that's what you mean', she said, and dug a smallish tapered finger quite unnecessarily into the earth from which the plant stemmed.

'It isn't hard to learn', I said. I heard myself say it. It was that sort of statement — not one I would have signed in Anthea's presence. That cane lying still across my lap did it. It occurred to me then that Susan hadn't even blinked at the sight of it, but then I explained that to myself by thinking that she had overheard the whole conversation. 'Making them take their knickers off, indeed!' Anthea had exploded.

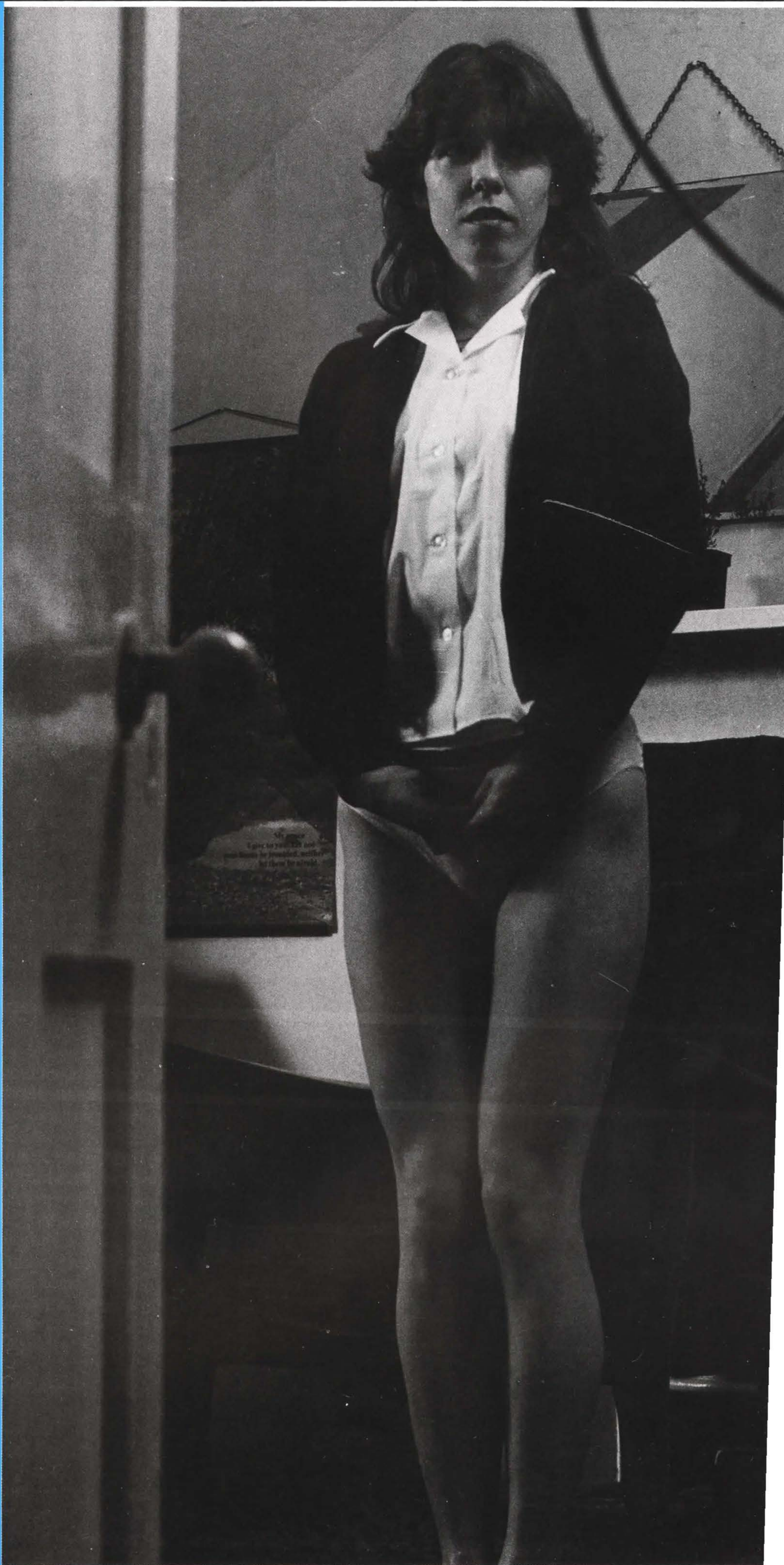
'I dunno', Susan said. I can't remember having felt breathless before, but I did then. 'I'd pay you, out of the fees, as if you were a teacher', I replied. I was telling her that she could learn, and she knew I was, and she knew to the very bend in that cane what I was talking about. There was a stillness in the room then. It broke only when I got up. It felt like a century had passed when I got up, but it was probably no more than fifteen seconds.

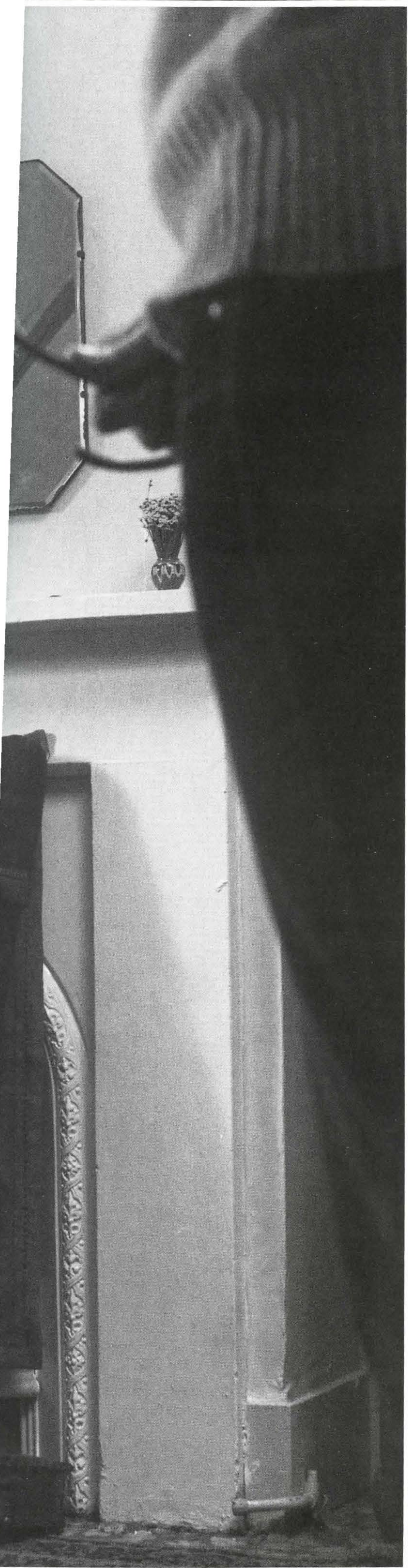
Susan stood very still as I moved towards her. Whether it was a stillness of waiting or of apprehension I didn't know. I was behind her and I put my hands on her hips. I'd never done that before. But then I'd never thought of caning her before, nor even spanking her. 'Pay me?', she asked and then added ultra-quick, 'I mean, what do you want me to do?'

'Susan, I'm going to have to cane you to teach you', I said. The world stopped then. I could hear the clock on the mantelpiece ticking. 'No', she said and dropped her head. I put my hands on her shoulders. Girls are curiously manoeuvrable that way. Sixth formers in their last term certainly were. They had begun to learn by then what they came into my study for, and why their knickers were coming down. 'I don't think I want to do that', Susan said. She didn't look up. 'I didn't think I wanted to learn to swim once', I replied. It was the sort of remark that drops straight into the Silly Statements file, but when they're like that it often works.

'Didn't you?' she asked. It was a ten-out-of-ten perfect answer. When







I began to move her slowly towards the chair her feet were laggard but not over-resistant. They scraped, but that was all. I was used to that.

'I won't do it hard — not the first time, Susan. No, not there. Bend over. Just gently the first time, just gently'.

She said 'No', of course. Is there a girl born who hasn't said no? There had been times in the past when I had got the Gym Mistress, Miss Roberts, to assist me with some new girls. Her fingers were pretty deft, were Miss Roberts.' I pretended mostly not to see the subtle forays they made between pairs of twinkly thighs when she was authoritatively drawing down a pair of regulation blue knicks. Once a girl had had her 'tester', though — the first two sixers, one mild, one medium — Miss Roberts wasn't needed in the room. Whether she listened at the door and heard the pantings that occasionally ensued afterwards was neither here nor there. She got her benefits from those girls who also got a crush on her. At least that way they gained a dual experience in life.

Susan's bottom was sublime. I can find no better adjective for it. At a guess, she had already been tutored a little, and this to my surprise. As my hands first began rolling down her knickers, her right arm swept back — not fiercely, but querulously — but I thrust it firmly back and it offered no return. The halfmoon creases beneath each of her youthfully-rearing cheeks were particularly marked, conferring upon them their full aspect of roundness. Her furrow had that particular depth that one becomes pleasurably conscious of when viewing slowly. Slung over the rolled arm as she was, her toes touched the floor some three inches apart. Not enough, but it would do.

An oddity was that, from that first moment on, I never expected the usual spillings of words from Susan. Not a single 'Don't!' escaped her. She was passive, though I will not say that she was not alert. Indeed she twisted her neck twice to try and peer at me as I stepped back and bent the cane. The angle of her view wouldn't allow her to see below my waist, I thought — which was perhaps fortunate. This was our first time, but I was already hard for her. I felt no conscience about that. She was showing it, after all.

I have read some ludicrous accounts of canings that 'go on for minutes'. Six strokes take about eighty seconds. The most difficult thing is to give a light-to-medium caning. It requires considerable control. In Susan's case each brought a sound rather like

'Mooo-eeee!' from her, but never did her voice rise to a screech. Almost irritatingly it sounded like a cry of victory on her part, and I knew then that she needed a harder caning, much harder, but not yet.

I knew, too, that it would have been easy to rip her blouse open — scatter the buttons and cup her hard young tits — as I raised her up afterwards. Her bottom burned into me, against the uprisen rod of me, in the moment before I bent and drew her knicks back up again. In its ascent, my thumb nosed into her furrow. My other hand, slipping around to the front of her, felt a nicety of curls.

A first sob escaped her as I turned her then, leaving her skirt still waist-high, but it was rather a breath-releasing one than a plaintive one.

'You can teach', I said, and I heard her swallow. Her eyes were hidden way below my own. 'I'm not sure', she replied quietly — very quietly. I only just caught the words. It was a strange moment — almost as if I had not caned her. 'You can', I said. We broke away then, for Anthea was knocking. She must have driven around — not really gone anywhere.

'Don't...', I began. 'No, I won't say anything', Susan murmured. We had moved into another compartment — neither of perhaps the leader, but it had begun. It was the beginning of a love affair with the cane for Susan, and a different kind of one for me. It was two weeks before we had another opportunity, and I was careful not to caress her bottom *en passant*, as it were. I had a feeling that she wasn't to be handled that way — or not yet.

An opportunity came when I had to make an overnight stay in Middlesbrough, where I wouldn't exactly go for a holiday but I had a number of property deals to conclude. As it happened, Susan knew a girl there — one who had been to school with her and then moved — so she volunteered to come with me and, ostensibly, to stay with Marti, her friend.

I suppose it was by unspoken consent that I booked two single rooms at the hotel. A double one would have been blatant. 'Was Marti ever caned!', I asked on the way up to Middlesbrough. I put the question in a casual 'by the way' tone, but Susan's antennae picked up the underlying message. 'A couple of times, yes', she said. We were driving to Middlesbrough and her skirt was nice and short, the tops of her nylons showing, and sometimes a bit more.



'She could have dinner tonight with us', I said. — 'Or well, yes, or tomorrow', Susan said carefully. My hand brushed the sleek top of her thigh every time I changed gear. A call from the hotel arranged for Marti to come and see us the following afternoon. I fancied the afternoon — daylight through tall nylon curtains and a quiet room. 'You'll need another lesson first', I told Susan. It was a sort of open-code way of talking that we developed. She didn't answer; I didn't expect her to. There was a slight tenseness in her that I had to break.

'Shall we go up?', I asked her at nine that night after dinner in the hotel. There was a nod only and the lift received us. Leading her into my room was like the old days of escorting a girl into my study just after hours.

'You won't mind, with Marti', I asked her. She shook her head, allowing me to lead her to the bed. She began to cry a little as I undressed her. It was in part an act and we both knew it. 'Some of the girls will be petulant', I said. I had her down to her stockings by then, lying on her tummy. And then I looped her waist suddenly, sharply, brought her ardent peach up and gave it a first *smack!* and *Wow* she gasped.

I can riot a little bit with words then. It was the sight of her — slim, curvy, suppliant. I wondered how many long months she had dreamed of a situation like this. 'I shall want you to spank some of the girls — just lightly — before you bring them into me', I said, and when her naked hips gave a little jerk (petulant or seeking, I wasn't sure), I said sharply, 'Lie still now while I get the cane'.

I took it from the wardrobe where I had hung a few things on arrival. When I turned she was still slumped on her tummy. 'Move back and push it up', I told her. The slow way she did it was pleasing enough. That merging of resilience and firmness in a girl's bottom is something one can never satisfactorily describe. It challenges, invites. 'This is going to be a harder one, Susan — you understand? I want you to learn', I said, but she didn't answer. A small, mutinous murmur came from her as I ran the tip of the cane up between those heavenly legs, forcing them to part more.

The frankness between us came so easily that it was hard to understand, and yet it happened. 'You're peeping it now, Susan; I want all the girls to learn to do that', I said, and she knew I was talking about her 'fig'. You will tell them to show their pouch, won't you?', I asked, and then *swoo-isssh!* and a short, sharp '*Nah!*' came from her,



followed by several wobbling sobs. It had bitten deep, that first one. I wanted it to. Her fingers curled in as she strove to contain it.

'Sometimes I talk to them, sometimes I don't. It depends on the girl', I said. Her back quivered, her face hidden in the duvet. I could hear her breathing — breathing and waiting. After a due interval I said quietly, 'Turn your toes in a little, Susan. Yes — good. When you cane a girl you will know what to say to her, won't you?'. 'Yes - I gwaar!'

The second was another whistler right across her furrow and almost overlaying the first. Her sobs came louder; her hips twisted more. A mournful 'whoooo!' came from her and then, meritoriously, she was still — waiting and ready. Her black high heels lifted almost surreptitiously. Perhaps she was inviting me to sweep the next one in lower, and I did. Just under the bulge, and not the easiest stroke to place, but superb when it is performed properly.

Again her cry was as much one of victory as anguish, and for the first time a 'No-oooo!' came from her, but I ignored it. She meant me to in any case. 'Legs, Susan', I said implacably. Consciously or not she had drawn them closer together. 'You remember what I said about giving a peep', I told her, and she merited another for that which put a triple streak across the middle of her superb bum.

She began to break then, uttering a staccato 'No, no, no!' but I said 'Yes, Susan, yes', I said. She had to ride the course — I told her that, but I gave her a longer interval before the next two irradiated her cleft with seeking flames.

'All right', I soothed. I let the cane fall then and sat beside her, stroking her sleek back, down into the supple dip of it, and moving my palm over the pulsing heat of her apple just as one might stroke a filly. Her sobs went on for a while, of course, her nether cheeks tightening visibly until at last the greater surging of the flames died and she relaxed more, though still quivering, her orb ceasing to jerk as I fondled it.

'Get into bed now', I said. It was my bed, my room, but the bed was a double one. She crawled-clawed her way under the sheet as girls do then, the curl-fringed lips twinkling as first one leg and then the other was raised.

It was dark by then and I took my time, first putting the cane away, but then in the most deliberate way shaking my head and taking it out to lay it crosswise over the seat of an armchair. I needed her to know that it was immediately ready again. Cane-language, you might call it. I didn't hasten my undressing.



Everyone — or almost everyone — called her Didi, though it wasn't her proper name. Sometimes when she was excited she would stutter it. Sometimes when she was being spanked, that is, and it was awful being spanked. Most awful, too, when her tight blue knicks were carefully rolled down for it and she was aware of the naughty exposure of her pert, smooth cheeks and the cleft between them which she would tighten

A WARM GLOW

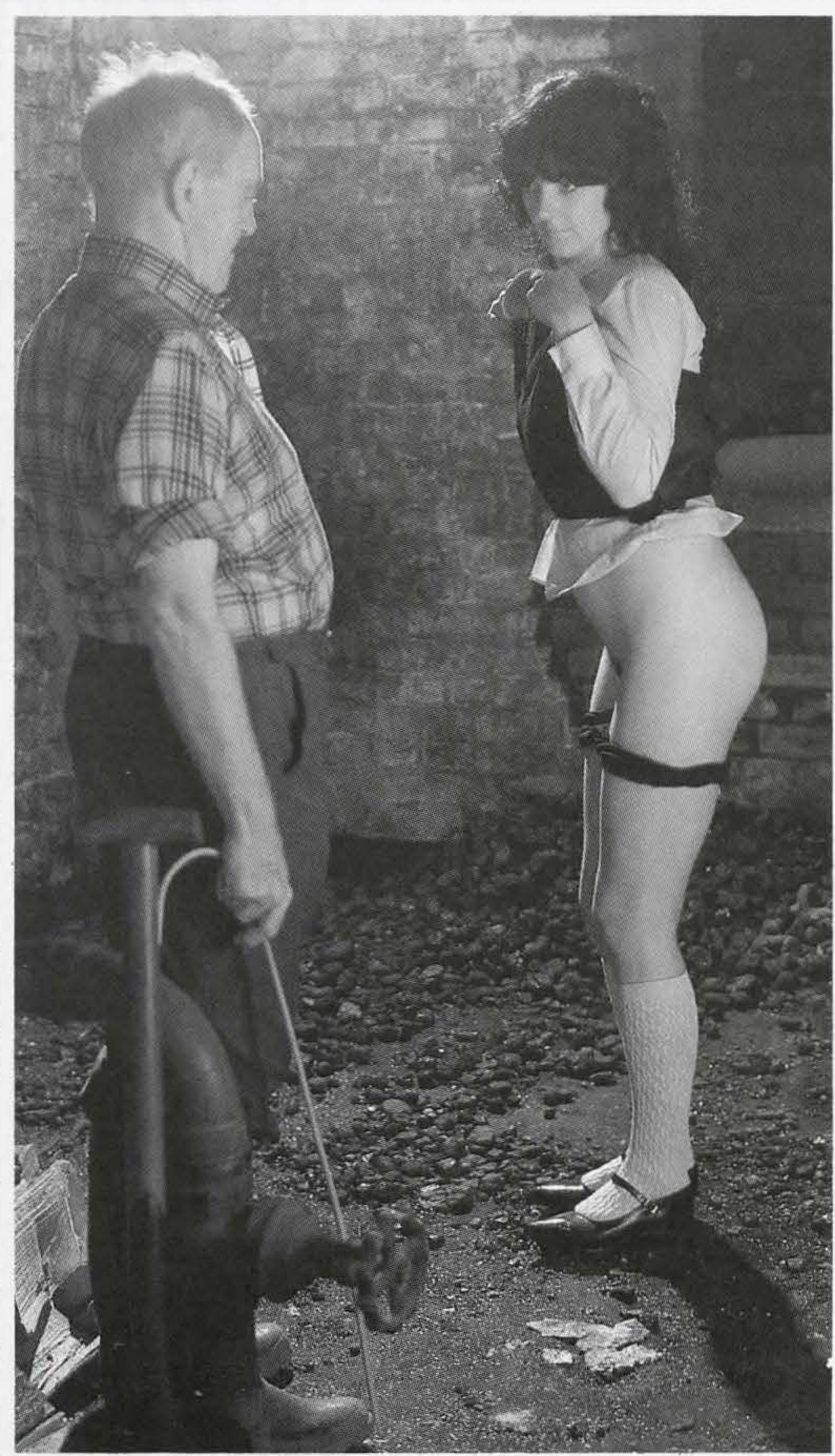
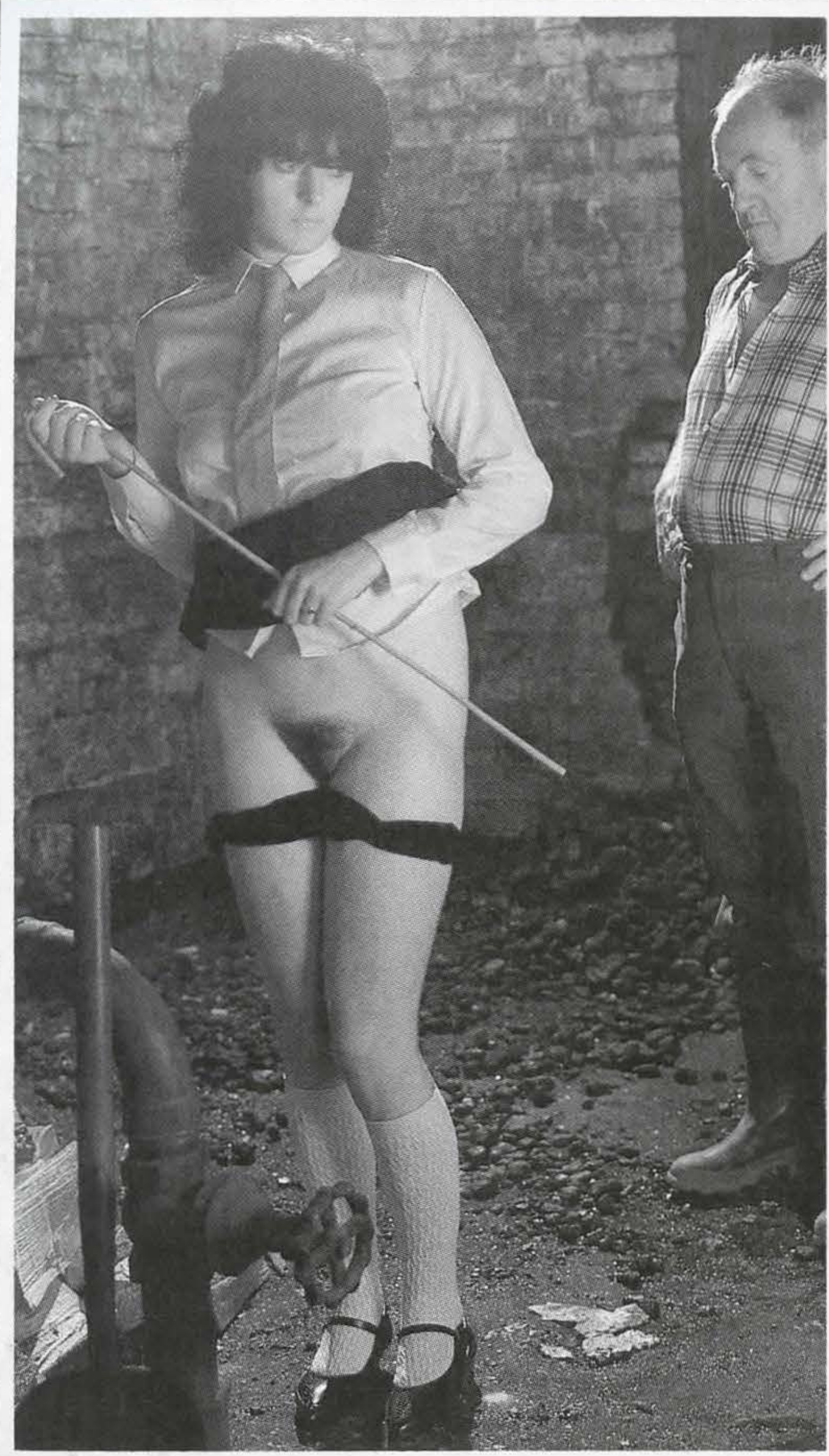


defensively as a leathery palm rose and fell, stinging, stinging, burning.

Sometimes now, Didi had to take her own knickers off, and she could never decide whether to show her bottom first or her...or her...or her pussy as it was called. So sometimes she stood sideways and pushed them down, but then that showed her puff and her bottom, too, so it was difficult.

Today she had to go and help old Mr Jenkins, though she hadn't wanted to, but her stepmother had said he was a nice man and couldn't manage on his own now that his daughters had gone to live in a flat of their own. Personally, Didi thought Mr Jenkins was a naughty man, not a nice man, for when he came to visit their house he would sometimes feel around her bottom and several times he had slipped his hand up the back of her skirt to feel the tight roundness that stretched her blue knickers so tightly.

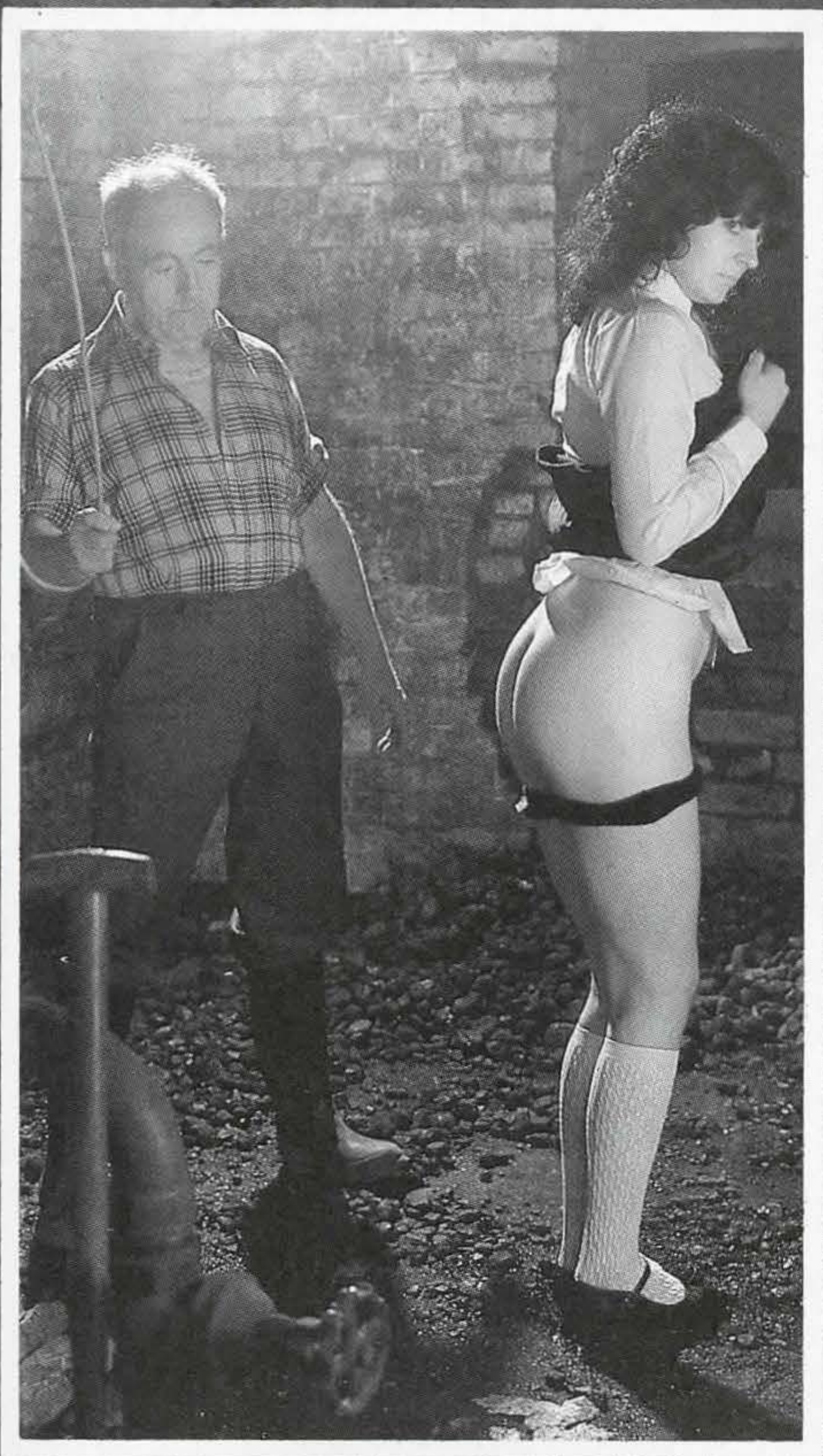
Sometimes it annoyed Didi, but at others it made her feel a bit breathless



and sick in her tummy, especially when Mr Jenkins not only touched her bottom but let his fingers trail around to the crotch of her knicks. True, they didn't linger there. It was only a sort of brushing touch, but it made her jerk, though she was always being told she mustn't jerk and that if she were exercised more then the jerking would go.

Didi always supposed that being exercised meant being spanked. So often she would slip into bed with her derriere all hot and sparky, and then she would move it tentatively on the cool sheet, wondering why it felt bigger when it was hot.

Today Didi had been told that she could go straight from school and then come home to supper afterwards, but her feet slouched as she approached Mr Jenkins house. It wasn't fair, she told herself, but if she didn't obey then she might get sent to a finishing school like her friend, Kathy. When she had asked Kathy what a finishing school was, Kathy had sniffed and said, 'Oh, it was only for a week', which didn't answer the question at all. — 'Yes, I know, but what was it for?' Didi had asked. And though they had been on their own, Kathy had looked this way and that before replying.



swelling thighs together with the front vee of her knickers where the material puckered right under her mount, its creases imitating the forms of Nature beneath. 'What are you doing?', Didi asked a bit nervously as she finally descended, leaving her skirt swaying tauntingly. There was a fearful red glow from the furnace in the cellar and bits of coal were everywhere so that she had to tread carefully.

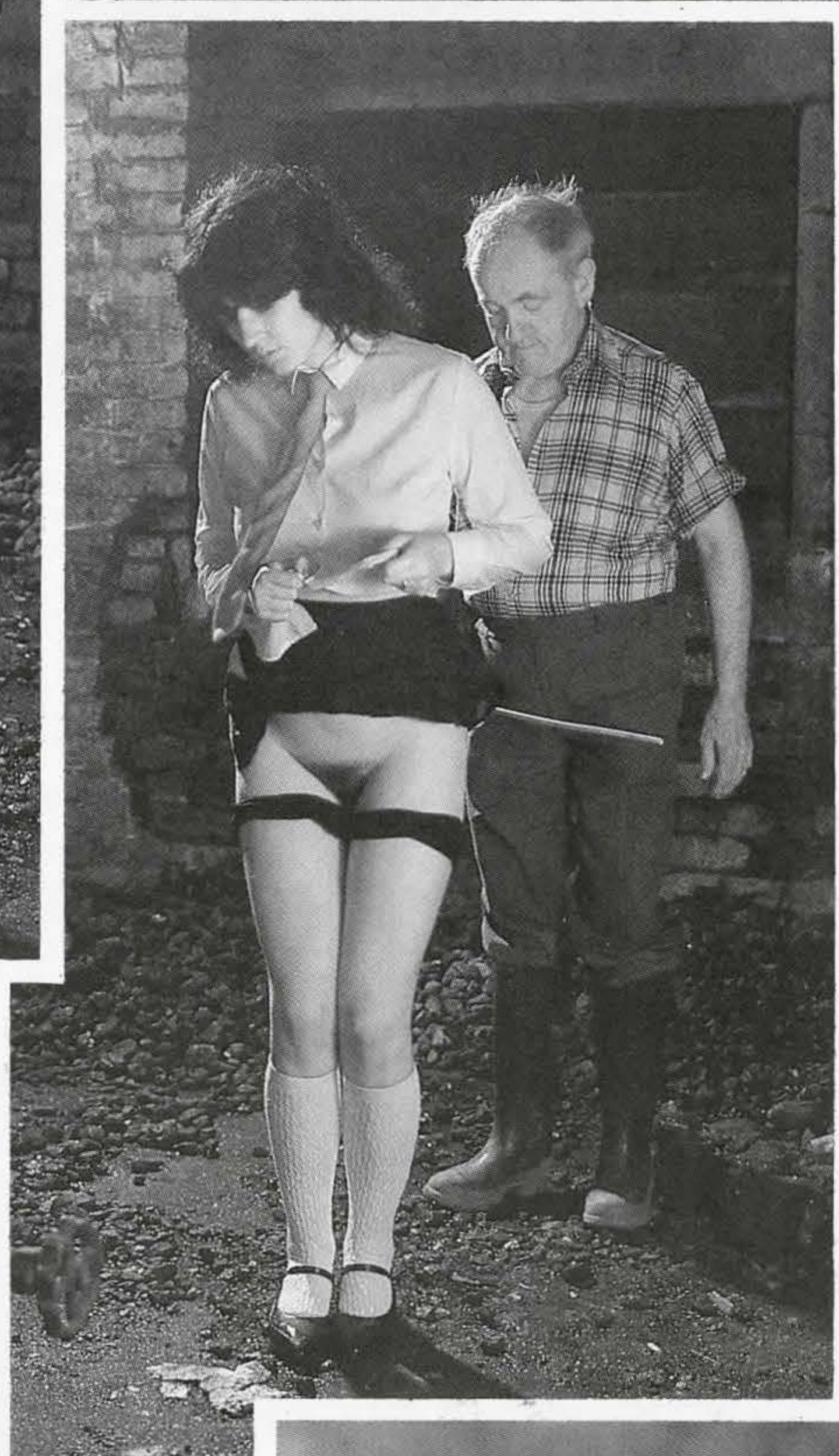
'It's the central heating, Didi. Have to stoke it up. Be a good girl and help, eh? Central heating's good for you, eh? Especially for a girl', he added mysteriously. — 'Oh, yes, but...but my blouse will get mucky', Didi said

uncertainly, adding quickly and politely, 'Well, I mean it will get...'

'Dirty — yes. That's true, Didi — that's true', he said as she adopted a slightly nervous stance, her tiw swinging a little to show (just as she didn't want it to) the gap where her bouse had 'lost' a button so that just a teeny-weeny bit of her pale, firm young titties showed. But she couldn't button up now, she thought. It would make him look more. But then she heard what he was saying next: 'You'd best take it off, Didi. And your skirt, I think. It gets hot down here, you know'.

Didi gulped and bit her lip. It was true she had to push her knickers down for a spanking, but she had never taken her school blouse off. Not yet, at least. And besides, she didn't wear bras. They weren't necessary, she was always told. Her nipples always showed through the cotton, peaking the material to points, and even more so when her botty was being stung.

She stared into the glow of the furnace but she couldn't look at it for long. It looked sor of menacing, she thought. And so did Mr Jenkins, a little bit. Or well — not menacing but sort of interested, though she was getting used to looks like



'Oh well, you know — they finish you off', she had said to the great mystery of Didi who guessed that Kathy wasn't going to tell her any more, so she asked her older sister, Jane, who had gone to live in a flat like Mr Jenkins' daughters. Didi sometimes wondered if Jane had done it because she was fed up with having her rear cheeks warmed-up, too. But Jane was just as cagey as Kathy had been. 'If you haven't learned about being finished off, you will soon', was practically all she had said.

But Didi wasn't thinking so much about that then. She was wondering what Mr Jenkins wanted her to help him do. Maybe he wanted her to make some cakes for him, she thought, because those she made in her cookery class were jolly good and Mr Jenkins had had one of them when he last visited. Anyway, it was only for an hour or so, Didi told herself, and she really didn't ought to be mean about helping people.

'You just do what he wants, Didi', she had been told at breakfast, so when she got to the gate she self-consciously drew up her white knee-length socks nice and tight because she was already beginning to learn that appearances were everything. Glancing down at her blouse, she noticed that one of the buttons had popped. It often did nowadays. But her tie hid it, she convinced herself and so she walked up to the front door and knocked, but as she did so the door swung open and a voice called from somewhere below, 'That you, Didi?'

It was Mr Jenkins all right; she knew that voice. And so Didi answered back as cheerfully as she could, 'Yes, it's me', and when she did he told her to come down. — 'It's the door on your right', he called, and Didi opened it and descended wonderingly down a narrow staircase that she didn't like very much, and as she did so she saw Mr Jenkins waiting for her and looking right up. That made Didi blush a bit because her pleated skirt wasn't that long and she knew he would be able to see right up under it, which Mr Jenkins indeed could. For several seconds he obtained a blissful view of two already slightly-







like that. And he was saying — though she couldn't think how he could know — that she had been told to do what he wanted, hadn't she?

The furnace brought glints into Didi's dark hair as she began to loosen her tie. She supposed he was right, after all. She thought he would turn away as she undressed, but he didn't. The eyes that usually watched the slow unpeeling by herself of her knickers had now become different ones that watched the emergent revelation of her tits. They were gelatinous, firm, and already a little bouncy, Mr Jenkins saw with satisfaction. Her brown nipples were distinctive bobbles of brown that in their growing would swell until they looked like very small acorns.

Rubbing his hands briefly together, he stepped forward and took the body-warm blouse and hanging tie from her limp fingers, suppressing a desire to say, 'They're splendid, Didi', as he turned away momentarily to hang them over the back of a chair. There was a slight hissing sound as he did so and a smile flicked across his lips before he turned back to her just in time to see the descent of her skirt — and even better — the coy raising of first one leg and then the other as she stepped out of it.

'You can-er-help me to stoke, Didi, right?', he asked thickly, wondering what such a nubile young beauty herself thought when she saw her mirror image. Her tits were perfectly round. Another few years and they would be full melons. Right now they could almost be fully cupped in both

hands, especially if one were immediately behind her and...

'Yes, Mr Jenkins', Didi said dutifully. The burning coals cast a red-golden glow over her lithe figure as she moved and bent to pick up a shovel, both bumcheeks showing pertly and clearly through the stretched blue of knicks. It was hard work, though, even after five minutes, as Didi endeavoured to display by uttering a plaintive sigh. She hoped it would persuade him to tell her to stop already, but instead Mr Jenkins was staring at her, up and down, and shaking his head.

'You do need more exercising, Didi, don't you? Have you had any exercising', he asked as Didi shook her head self-consciously, though not in reply to his question. — 'Oh, yes, Mr Jenkins, in the gym...', she began but was halted by another shake of his head. She didn't like it when they shook their heads. It usually meant being taken upstairs, but now she was down in an awfully dark cellar and so it was different, anyway, she persuaded herself, though not for long.

'Didi, come here', Mr Jenkins said rather sternly. A little mutinously then she stepped towards him, wonderment written into her expression. — 'I mean REAL exercising — the sort a girl of your age needs. You do it sometimes, don't you, eh?' — 'Ah, but I... Oh, Mr Jenkins, OUCH!', came her explosive cry as in one wall-whirling moment Didi found herself bent over in a posture she knew well enough with his hand firmly on the nape of her neck so that she felt — as ever — like a stricken rabbit.

'Exercising is the teaching of obedience, Didi. Unquestioning obedience, you understand? There is another way of saying it — which is that a girl is put to her trials, as I believe you have not been yet, or not completely so. A beginner, aren't you — eh?'

'M...Mr Jenkins — oh — please let me get up and I will shovel hard, I will!'

'With your knickers on? What will be said if I send you back with smudged knickers? Take them off, Didi, and try again. Immediately, please, and then we'll see how you perform. I don't want to have to say that you didn't try, do I?'

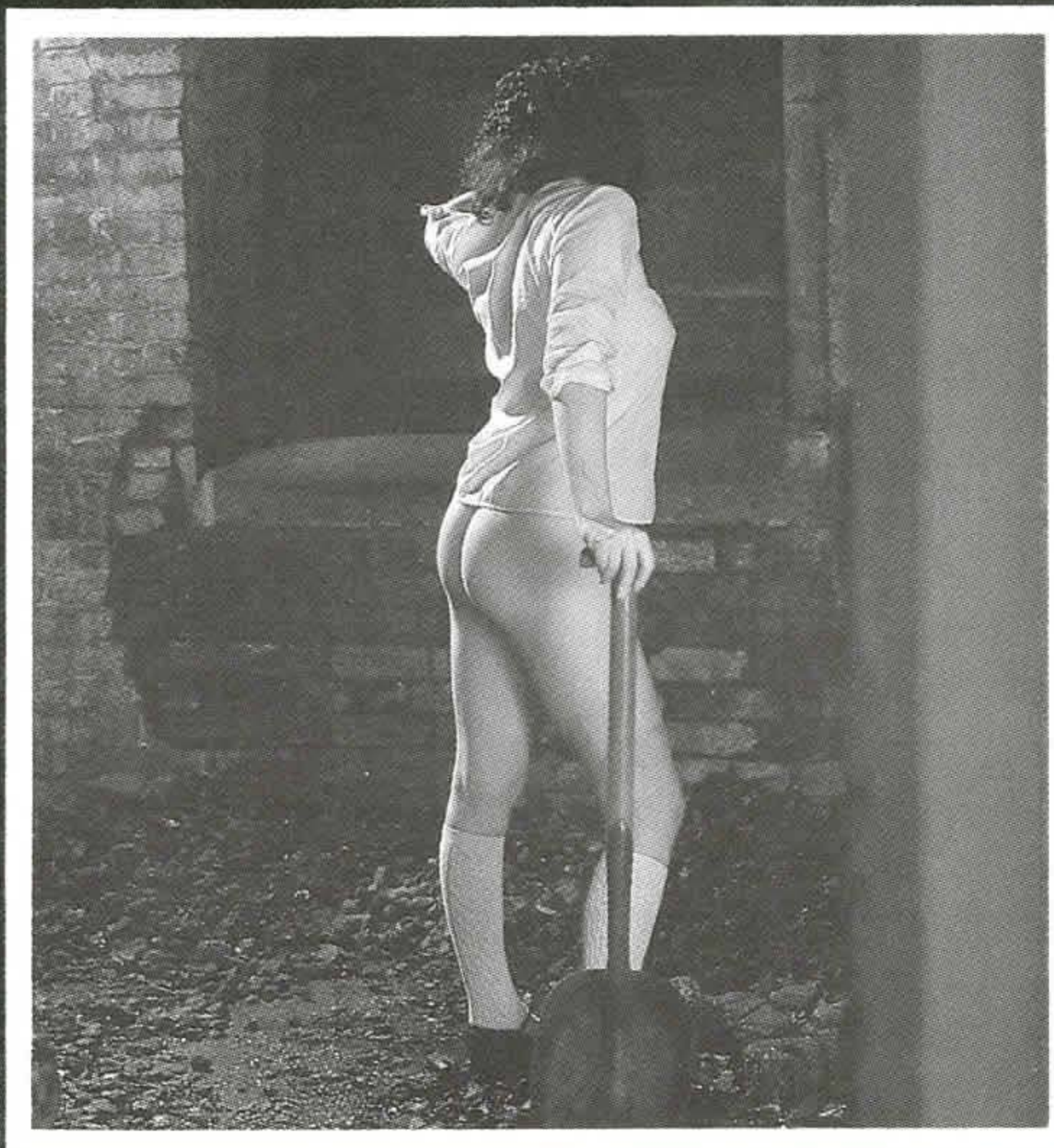
It was like a dream, Didi thought, some twenty seconds later as, naked, she bent to pick up the shovel again. Such an innocent act, Mr Jenkins pondered, for she could have squatted to pick it up, but instead she had bent, presenting her tight peach to him in full, and with that delightful hint of fuzz and figlike conformation beneath which promised more than Didi was thinking of right then. But there were ways of changing a girl's way of thinking, and this it seemed was his given task.

Didi pouted when Mr Jenkins didn't help her very much. He was more interested in the way she was doing it, so it seemed, and when she dropped the shovel with the most awful clang, the expected tut-tutting came to her burning ears, her tits swinging rosily in the reflecting light.

'You have to learn to BEND, Didi — bend', she heard, and then those awful words again, 'Come here, Didi'.

She ought to be used to them by now, she told herself, but she never was. They were the most ominous words she knew — sometimes, and mainly to her dismay, just a teeny-weeny bit exciting, too, but MOSTLY ominous. And Mr Jenkins was holding a cane, and Didi had never had the cane before — not even at school.

'If you bend properly, Didi, as you've so often been told to do, it won't be so hard', she heard him say, and her feet slurred again, her thighs mutinous as she approached him shyly, awkwardly, her pubic crown fully to his



view, though immediately-speaking he didn't seem too interested in her nest so much as her bottom which he very, very slowly brought her to present to him, saying gently, 'Just push it up and out, Didi — up and out'.

'But, please Mr Jenkins, I didn't mean to drop the...WHEEE!', came Didi's high-pitched squeal as a thin, thin streak of white lightning coursed across her chubby halfmoons, making her arms strain and her head shoot up in reflex. The stinging, the stinging, — it was AWFUL! — 'Oh, woh-woh! No, please, Mr Jenkins, no!'

'You said 'No', Didi. That isn't a word I want you to get over-friendly with on such disciplinary occasions as this. Had you been disciplined fully I might not have been called upon to see to you, but alas...' another shrill shriek came as Didi received the second swishing bite of the cane, making her eyes screw up, her head swinging from one side to the other.

'Nor do we announce to the world that we are being exercised, do we? A little hush is required, Didi. Control yourself, girl, and push it out to me.'

'I cah-ha-an't!' Didi sobbed, uttering then an immediate and soulful 'YOW!' on receiving a third, coursing sting which made her bottom feel as if it had been thrust into a bed of nettles.

'Can't? But you are here to learn, Didi. Were they too quick for you? The first three have to be punitory, my dear, in order to instill certain rules into you. I will tell you what they are.

No — no — stay OVER! The first is that you OFFER, Didi, and such you do by removing everything except, if need be, your shoes and socks — or stockings, of course, if it happens at weekends. The second is that you do NOT say 'No'. And the third. You know what the third is?'

'T...t...to be qu...quiet, yes!' Didi sobbed, though she didn't know how she was ever going to do it. More boldly than she ever dreamed she could, she wriggled her bottom in order to try to shake off the awful, searching flames.

'Good! Excellent, in fact! Then we shall begin properly. You need have no fear than a due caning will advance beyond a sixer if you are an obedient, quiet and er-receptive girl. Well, Didi, I AM going to give you your next three, you know. Will you be good. Huh? Eh?'

'Yes, yes, Mr Jenkins, yes', snuffled Didi, putting on the most appealing and pleading sound she could, though it wouldn't do her any good, she told herself soulfully. Fearful that her caning just might 'advance beyond a sixer' — a thought too awful to bear — Didi bravely orbed her stung bottom up and even allowed him to nudge her legs apart. She even dug her heels into the grimy floor, though she knew how rude she must look from his viewpoint behind her.

Then he waited, and the waiting was awful, too. — 'You see how quiet it can be, Didi?', she heard after a full minute — and then the sound that was emitted from her throat was like the half-strangled cry of a cat in the night, but somehow Didi managed it, and he didn't admonish her. 'That was all right, Didi — just like that', he said, though she didn't know whether he was referring to the noise she had made or the cane. What she did know was that her bottom was seeming to swell out again and it was burning...

The boiler roared pleasantly enough so far as Mr Jenkins was concerned as he mentally counted to ten. If she were wearing black stockings, they would glint and shimmer beautifully in this strange, emergent light, he thought. Maybe in a few more weeks when her training was complete...

'Yee-eeek!', came the next high-pitched squeal from Didi, but again it was strangled at birth, and no admonishment came from him. The next testing time would come in about five minutes or — no — half an hour if he really took his time. Her gulping sobs didn't interest him. They would die away soon enough. And anyway, this was the last one. For today at least. Tomorrow would tell its own tale. He wouldn't, alas, have charge of her tomorrow.

'Didi, it's the last one. Or at least, I hope it is. Are you ready for it?', he asked in as neutral tone as he could put on. 'Are you, Didi? Ready for it?', he repeated. Some girls caught the nuance of such words; others didn't. But they all said 'Yes' — they all said 'Yes'. Except Didi, perhaps. Didi said, 'Nnnnnng!' but it was a yes, anyway, he decided, and flexed the whippy cane.

Right across her bottom again — or

under the bulb, just under? It was always a moot point. One could learn a lot about a girl from this — if one were quick. With Didi it was probably going to have to be quick.

Mr Jenkins left hand moved to his trouser zip as the thought crossed his mind. It was hard work to get it right down at the moment, but he managed. Even so, it might be as well to remind Didi of her own duty in this respect. It was something that she was going to

have to remember and — dammit — it was only one word.

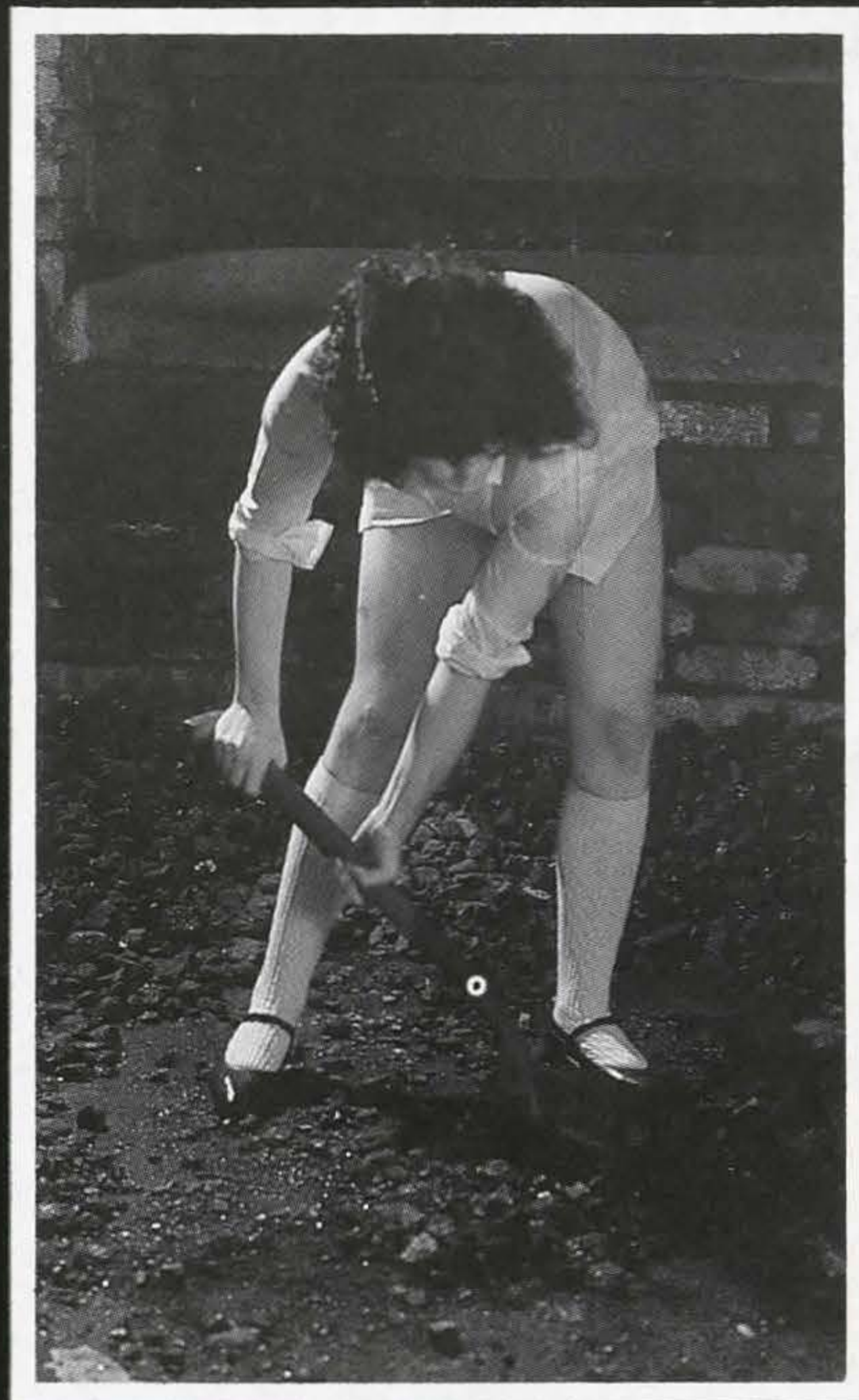
'You DID say yes, Didi?', he asked, his entire vision seeming to be filled by the waiting apple of her hot bottom.

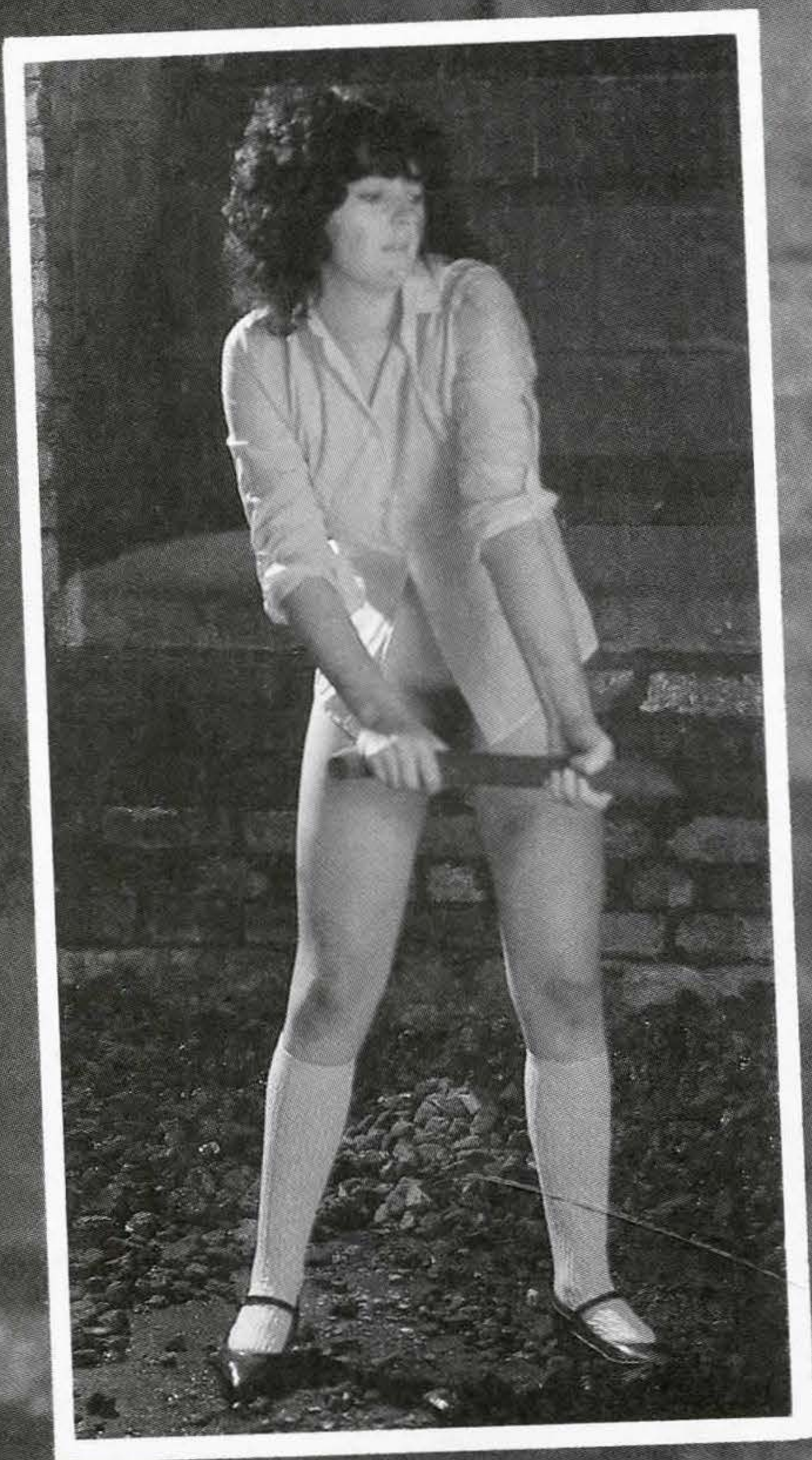
Didi sucked in her breath. It was only one more, he had said — just one more. Oh please let it be just one more! 'Y...yes', she stammered, sniffing and snivelling, but it seemed to her that such sounds didn't appeal to Mr Jenkins' conscience. Rather did they

appeal to him (though she did not know it) in a quite different way. A girl's sobbing lips were more easily brought to one's own than mute and compressed ones.

'NOW-WOW!'

It was Didi's last cry: of that sort, at least as the 'senior' stroke took her full across her pert halfmoons, blazing such an even greater scorching into her fiercely-wriggling bum that the sudden clattering-down of the cane and the





swift hugging of Mr Jenkins bared thighs against the backs of her own were an equally sudden, deep comfort rather than anything else...

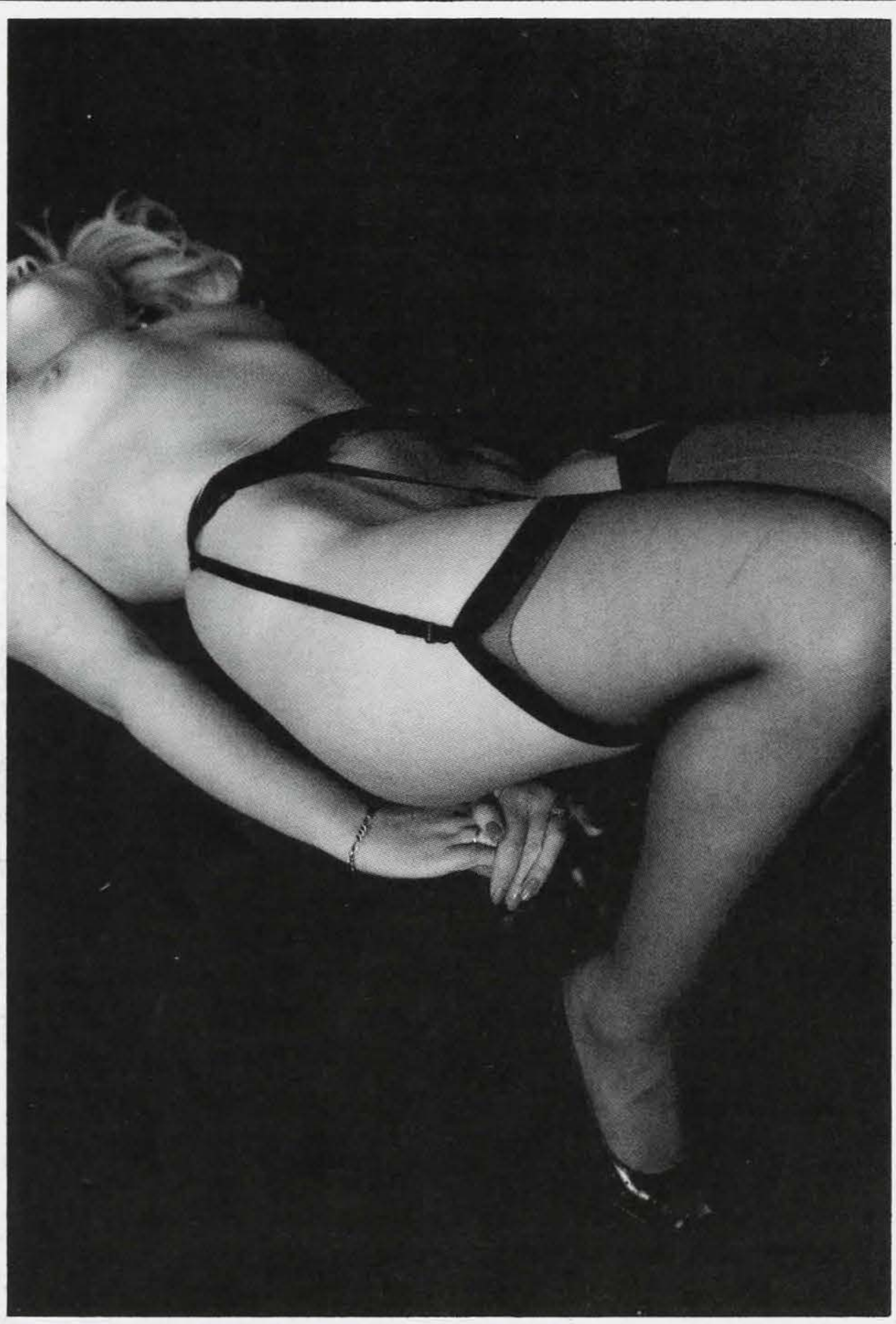
At least, though, Mr Jenkins did see to getting a taxi for her afterwards — a full half an hour afterwards — and even paid the man in advance, and Didi sat on the back seat so that the taxi-driver wouldn't wonder why she was still wriggling.

By the time she got indoors, though, Didi's bottom was just throbbing and her knickers felt as if they were going to burst. Fumbling for her front door key, she entered the hall, hearing an expected voice call, 'Didi?'

Yes, he did, she thought, but she wasn't going to tell her stepmother THAT. She might put out a hint that he had CANED her, though...



REQUEST STOP JOIN THE DOTS



2

Dear Blushes,

Imagine my utter surprise and
delight, when on opening your
latest Blushes Supplement No 6,



found not only my letter published, but that you had actually gone to the trouble of posing a gorgeous girl exactly as I had proposed.

I settled down to draw in the handcuffs and other restraints which added the finishing touches to your superb mind blowing exotic pictures. I hope you'll be so kind as to do a regular section like it.

Every one of 'Blushes' issues has been fantastic anyway, and a little skill at drawing can usually add a set of handcuffs or a neck chain at least to give that extra humiliating

touch to the poses of many of your lovely models.

They don't need to be coloured either because a black pen draws in restraints that show up well on black and white photographs.

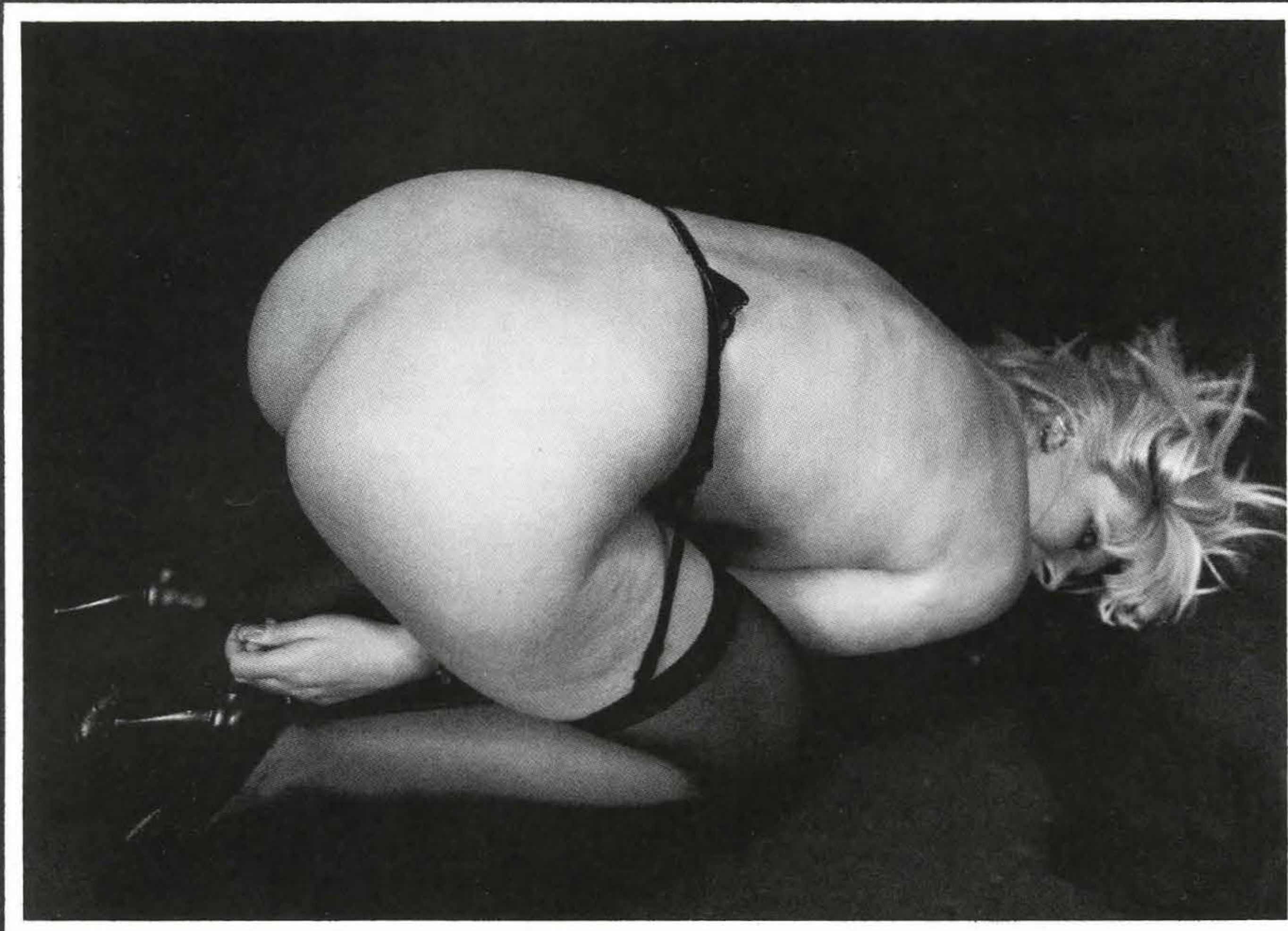
I've just read Blushes 12 and that dark haired girl in shorts over the trestle blew my mind again. As a bonus it was easy to put in the straps that kept her on the trestle. if both hands are in the right place it helps.

The photograph of her with the shorts down was a nice touch. Wish it had been full sight. However you can't please everyone. I can see from the letters section how wide the tastes vary. I'm grateful for what you've done for my tastes already Wow! Your standard has never been approached before. I intend to buy every Blushes available and look forward to your new Winter Edition. I've now abandoned buying any other mag. All my spare cash goes on yours and anyway even your nearest rival has now fallen so far behind your mag. that there's no comparison.

You've got me shopping twice a week in case I miss a copy. They seem to go like hot cakes in Cardiff.

Thanks again.

B Young.



Mr. Slippy,



& Mr. Whippy.



'It's so good of you to come and pick her up, Mr Marley. I so hate to send her on the train alone because one **does** hear such awful things nowadays, and really I hadn't time to drive her over myself. My plane's at three and really...'

Sylvia Harmsworth's explanations tailed off as she ushered her visitor in. She was in her thirties, 38 to be exact though she wouldn't thank you for reminding her of this. Still attractive, if a trifle full-blown, but with that slightly desperate look in the big brown eyes at times which said: Every day I am a day older and I don't know **what** to do about it. The daughter's equally big brown eyes would not, of course, be saying that for years and years yet. At present, at 17, they were looking at the visitor with a tinge of apprehension.

Charlotte hadn't met Mr Marley before and she **was** going to spend two weeks with him. Two weeks in which mummy could recover

from life's traumas somewhere in the South of France. Mummy would of course have taken Charlotte but it wasn't convenient.

Also Mr Marley **could** help Charlotte with her maths and history which she had so unfortunately failed in her 'O Levels. Stephen Marley had been a schoolmaster, at one of the better boys public schools, before he had been released from that drudgery by an opportune legacy.

'It is no problem at all,' Stephen Marley answered Mrs Harmsworth. 'Hello, Charlotte.'

He had been conducted into the drawing room where a maid shortly brought in coffee. Charlotte sat opposite him, next to her mother.

Charlotte would look a lot like her mother in 20 years time — or conversely the older woman must have looked a lot like Charlotte 20 years ago. The same lustrous brown eyes were there, in a pale full lipped face, but the features were still soft, not fully set. The figure was slender, in a crisp blue summer frock which long slim arms and legs were somewhat awkwardly displayed. Could



Mrs Harmsworth's ripe form have also been like this?

Stephen Marley chewed his lip thoughtfully. 'Failed her maths and history, eh? what does that indicate: not enough time with the books?'

Sylvia Harmsworth made a face. 'Oh dear; isn't it **embarrassing**. Especially after those **horrendous** school fees. Really we might as well have sent her to the comprehensive. I'm sure it's largely her father being away so much; he has a lot of business in Hong Kong, you know. And well, I'm afraid Charlotte just moons around alot of the time.'

The subject of this analysis was examining her fingernails, her head bent but two rather sweet ears glowing pinkly. It was **hateful** of mummy to discuss her like this, to this man she had never seen before.

'The father figure, you mean,' Mr Marley said. 'Lack of the necessary guidance and discipline.'

'I'm afraid so; and really when one is so busy. It really is too bad of Roger to be away so often.'

It was certainly a problem regarding Charlotte at times, but on the other hand Roger Harmsworth's frequent absence on business did mean that the various males who still found Sylvia's ripe body attractive had the opportunity to demonstrate this fact. Each time it was demonstrated Sylvia could tell herself: I'm not **really** getting older, not where it counts.

Such acts of homage to her body would undoubtedly be performed on holiday in France, with Charlotte conveniently in the care of Mr Marley.

Stephen Marley, his eyes on Charlotte, observed, 'At least it's not boys then?' Charlotte's blush deepened as her mother said, 'Oh **no**. Charlotte is certainly not interested in that sort of thing yet.'

* * * * *

'No messing with boys then,' Mr Marley said approvingly. 'But mooning about and not working; that doesn't sound too good, does it?'

Charlotte didn't answer, she didn't know if an answer was expected. They were in his car, a rover, on the motorway. She **hated** her mother talking about her like that. Anyway it wasn't true, she **was** interested in boys or would have been if her mother ever let her meet any. Mummy was **hateful** at times. And this Mr Marley, what was he like? It was certainly scary being sent off with him like this. Also he **was** an ex-schoolmaster, she knew; that sounded pretty dreadful. He didn't **look** too bad, no more than 40 perhaps and tall with a military sort of moustache. Angela Mayhew at school thought that older men like that were dishy, she said they made her get all wet between her legs. Angela of course liked to say things like that to embarrass you.

Charlotte **had** blushed, she always did at things like that although it hadn't really embarrassed her. She **wished** she didn't blush so easily. She knew she had been blushing horribly in the drawing room when mummy was saying those things about her.

They stopped at a service station. Mr Marley said the food would be awful but Charlotte thought her hamburger was all right, quite good in fact. Sitting there she wondered if people thought Mr Marley was her father. It was true she **would** have liked to see more of her father but he **was** very busy. Suddenly she realised she was blushing. It was another thought, inspired by awful Angela. Perhaps they might think she was Mr Marley's **mistress**. Angela said older men were desperately keen on younger girls, it was their **innocence**. Angela said a man wanted her to be his mistress but she had refused. But she knew a girl her age at home who **did** go out with an older man. He liked to take her to restaurants, expensive ones, not wearing any knickers.

Charlotte's flush deepened as she thought of sitting here with Mr Marley without any knickers. Angela said this man liked to play with Deborah (this girl), under the table. Put his hand up her legs and play with her...Not that you could always believe Angela of course, but nonetheless...Charlotte squirmed on her seat.

The arousing reverie was abruptly interrupted as she realised Mr Marley was talking to her. 'Are we mooning about, Charlotte? **Dreaming...?**'

They drove on, along the motorway and then off it through sunny fields. Mr Marley lived in Somerset, not too far from the sea. Charlotte thought of sunny beaches and boys. It would be nice to meet a nice boy; she never really had. Quite a few girls at school knew boys of course. Several of them claimed to have **done it**. 'Always make sure he's got a rubber,' Julie said. Susan had asked if it was true that a boy couldn't get you pregnant if he was under 18 and Julie said that was **really stupid**. Of course he could. Rosemary who was very well developed said she had done it with three boys. 'It's really **swoony** when it goes in,' she said. Charlotte had felt all hot when Rosemary said that, trying to imagine it. But Charlotte certainly wasn't desperate to do it herself; she would like to meet a nice boy just to talk to. **Maybe** kissing...

Then she became aware that Mr Marley was talking. What he was saying was, 'Are we dreaming again, Charlotte?'

Flustered Charlotte said, 'Oh no.' Mr Marley said, 'I think **Oh yes.**'

Glancing sideways he smiled. 'But don't worry, I've got a nice little helper for girls who are dreamy. Do

you know who it is?'

Charlotte said no.

Looking at the road again he said, 'It's my **cane**; my nice litte whippy rattan. I call him Mr Whippy. He started his career with boys of course but he **is** very partial to girls' bottoms. He does a very good job with dreamy girls, does Mr Whippy.'

Charlotte could feel her heart thumping. Was this Mr Marley's joke? Surely he couldn't be serious. A cane! She produced a nervous smile.

'Ever had the cane, Charlotte?'

She shook her head, a croaky 'No' popping out from the full lips.

'Ah well, you'll find it quite an experience then. A girl's first caning is always a bit of a shocker.'

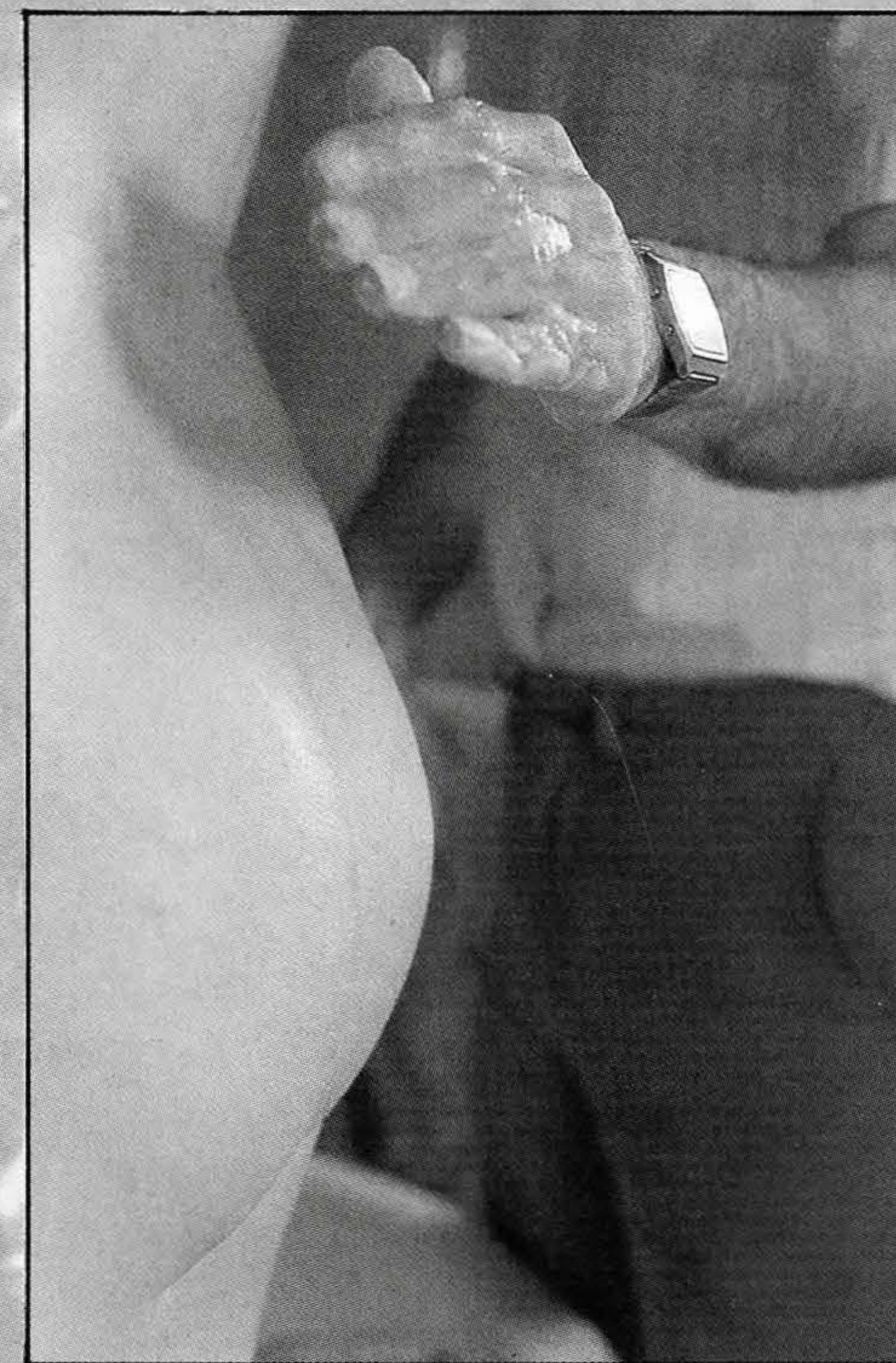
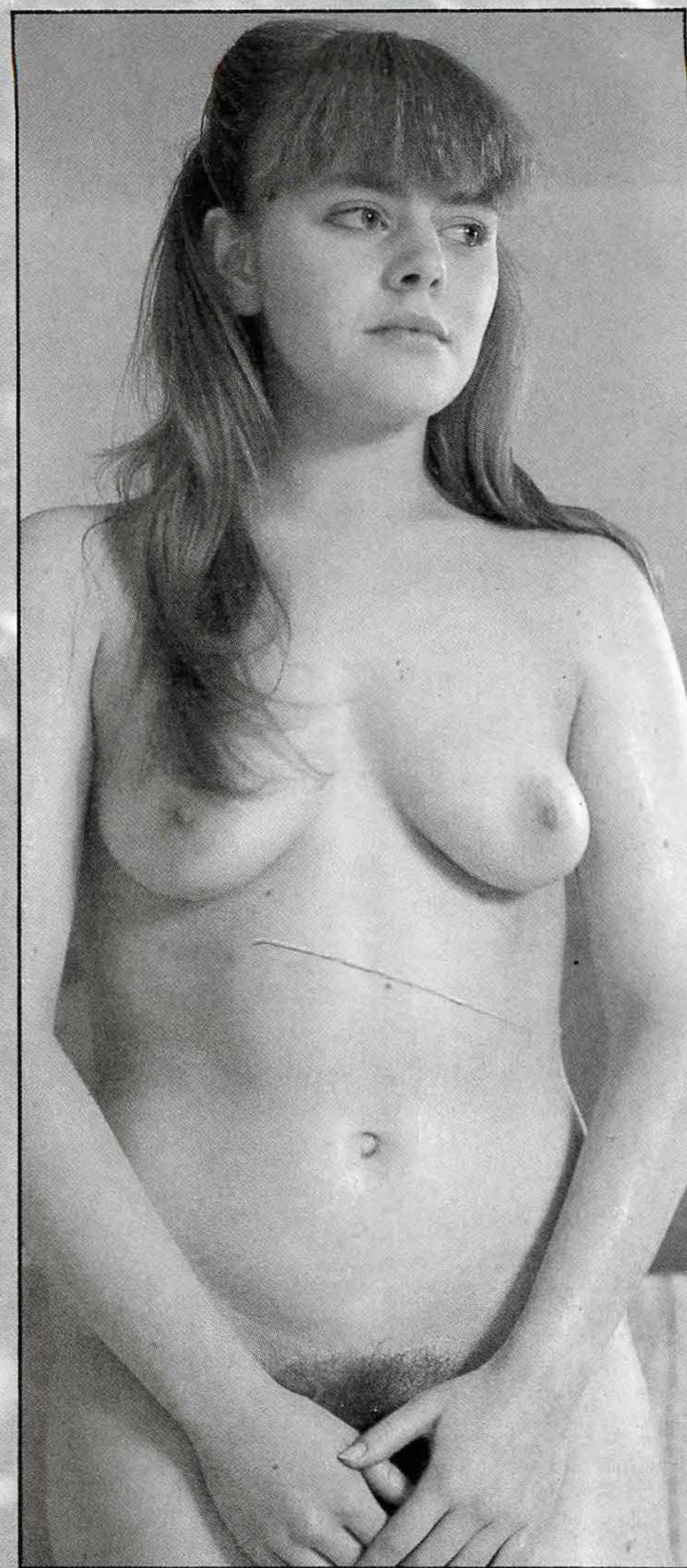
He **couldn't** be serious. For one thing her mother, even if she could be hateful, wouldn't **allow** this Mr Marley to **cane** her. As if divining Charlotte's thoughts Mr Marley said, 'Your mother did say she thought discipline was your main problem, together with this unfortunate dreaminess. She said she would be very grateful for anything I could do on that score. Well, in two weeks with Mr Whippy doing his best I'm **sure** we can make good progress.'

Charlotte wasn't dreaming now, every sense was needle-sharp, the car, the fields on either side, thrusting themselves at her consciousness. And Mr Marley too, he seemed somehow larger, more bulky. Those firm, masculine hands at the steering wheel...holding a cane...

He said there wasn't far to go. They went through a pretty little village and then a mile the other side turned off up a driveway. Largish grounds, it seemed; a nice house, Victorian it looked like. The sun was shining and Charlotte thought fleetingly of the beach...and then of that cane. They went in. There was a lady, Mrs Blackburn, fortyish, his housekeeper. She at least made Charlotte feel better, safer. But Mrs Blackburn, after a friendly greeting, bustled out. In the sitting room Mr Marley said, 'Well, shall we give Mr Whippy an early try-out? Get things off on a proper footing?'

The big brown eyes blinked rapidly; her stomach seemed to have turned right over. She hadn't **done** anything, not to warrant the cane. She shook her head, bottom lip trembling.

Mr Marley came closer, his hand taking hold of one slim arm. 'No, Charlotte? But you're going to have to get together with Mr Whippy





sometime today. An early introduction is essential. You can wait until after supper if you like, but I would have thought you might like to get it over with. Then you can go outside and play; explore a bit. No?'

Charlotte was trembling. She stuttered, 'Please...I do...don't want the cane.'

He pulled her close, facing him. 'But you've got to have it, Charlotte.' She was right up against Mr Marley all down her front, Mr Marley in his shirt and trousers, with a swoony masculine smell. Her head came up to his chin. One hand was round her slim waist and the other further up, where her bra strap was. 'You've got to,' he repeated, his voice soft and caressing.

But Charlotte for the moment wasn't thinking of the cane she was thinking of Mr Marley and his male body hard up against her. It made her feel all dizzy. Through the blue frock his hand was on her bra strap, fiddling with it, as if he wanted to undo it or something. Charlotte's boobs of course were pushing firmly, breathtakingly, into Mr Marley. They weren't very big as yet; she had them but they were still small. At times Charlotte thought she'd like to have really big ones, like mummy. Perhaps she would in a few years time, if they suddenly started

filling out. Mummy's were really super and men got really excited by them. Other men, as well as daddy. And mummy also let other men play with them — or at least Charlotte knew for sure one man because she had seen it. In their drawing room. Mummy sitting with that man on the sofa. In her dressing gown with it open to the waist and mummy had nothing on underneath and the man was playing with mummy's super big boobs. Mummy had been to the theatre and this man had brought her home, and mummy had gone upstairs and changed out of her dress into her dressing gown, with it seemed nothing underneath. Daddy of course was away and Charlotte had been in bed but had got up for a drink, and had seen through the half closed door. Mummy's hand was down between the man's legs, sort of stroking.

Mummy's nipples had been really stiff and sticking out and Charlotte's smaller ones were now also in the same state as she was held hard up against Mr Marley, though she of course had a bra and frock on. She imagined Mr Marley playing with them, bare, like the man had been playing with mummy's. Charlotte's breath was coming in agitated gasps and also she realised she was getting wet

between her legs. Suddenly Mr Marley's hand was on her bottom, through her frock. His mouth just above her ear said, 'All right then, Mr Whippy after supper. But in that case I'll smack your bottom now.'

And then he was dragging up her skirt, his hand on her bare thighs, her knickered bottom...And then the knickers, her pale blue briefs, were coming down. While Charlotte could feel, pressing into her tummy, something big and hard. In her churning head she heard the precise voice of Miss Kingston who taught Biology. 'The man's penis gets considerably enlarged and very hard for the purpose of sexual intercourse. Eight inches in length and





two in diameter is by no means unusual.' Quite a few girls, Charlotte included, had surreptitiously checked on their rulers to see just how big that was. Charlotte felt she was going to faint.

But she didn't. Her head was going round like when you're on the Whirly-Girly at the fair but she knew, just what was going on. Still holding her firmly against him, against that thing that was so enlarged and hard and presumably ready for sexual intercourse, Mr Marley's other hand jerked her knickers right down, to her knees more or less. Then his hand came back up and did some stroking of her bare, trembling flanks; and then he sort of backed towards his chair, taking Charlotte with him, and sat down, in the process twisting her thrusting her head down. So that she finished up over his lap with her head down near the floor.

Charlotte's frock was up over her back and her brief knicks were down round her knees and Mr Marley's big stiff thing was under her as his hand started splatting down. Again she thought she was going to faint, it was so mind-boggling. Charlotte had never been caned before and she had not been spanked either, or certainly nothing like this, nothing except an odd slap from mummy when she got

angry sometimes. Girls at school, though, talked about having their bottoms spanked by men. Angela Mayhew for one. She claimed to have an uncle who smacked it, bare, and then afterwards he put his hand between her legs. Where she was all wet. Where Charlotte now was also all wet. **Was** she going to faint? If she did he might do that and she wouldn't **know**...

She didn't think she fainted. She was certainly in a **state**, her head whirling, her stomach lurching, her heart going like a train, and of course her bottom really **red hot**. Mr Marley kept on spanking it for what seemed like ever but then finally he had stopped and was standing Charlotte on her feet. She didn't **think** he had done any of that other stuff although that big thing had been there all the time, moving about a bit and seeming to get even bigger.

Mr Marley told her she could pull up her knickers and go outside and have a look round for a while. 'Don't forget it's Mr Whippy after supper, though,' he added. Charlotte went out in a daze. Angela at school said, 'If a man gets all excited and doesn't actually do you he quite often has to go and, you know, jerk off afterwards. All those sperms have to come out somehow otherwise it can

make a man **ill** if they don't.' Vaguely Charlotte wondered if Mr Marley was going to do that now. His thing had certainly been very big. With it sort of squirming about underneath her and at the same time Mr Marley's hand smacking her bare bottom the whole thing had been the most mind-boggling devastating experience Charlotte had ever had, certainly beating the time that man had rubbed himself up against her all the way from Victoria to Earls Court on the London Underground. (She had been with mummy going to the Ideal Homes Exhibition and the train had been jam-packed. It had been scary but exciting and Charlotte had always wondered if someone had been doing the same thing to mummy at the same time).

In the kitchen Charlotte found Mrs Blackburn. Did Mrs Blackburn know Mr Marley had just spanked



her bare bottom? If so she showed no sign. She said she would have some tea ready at 4 O'clock and suggested Charlotte have a look round the garden until then; also she said with a twinkle in her eye that along by the river there were two boys about Charlotte's age camping. She told Charlotte how to get there. 'I'm sure they'd like to meet a nice pretty girl,' she laughed.

Well, that was certainly something to take Charlotte's mind a little bit off the mind-zapping and bottom stinging events of the last 20 minutes. It also took her mind for the moment off the matter of Mr Whippy whom she was due to meet this evening. She had a quick look round the garden and then went out the side gate and along the lane as directed by Mrs Blackburn. You couldn't miss it, a bright orange tent over in the corner of a field.

Charlotte felt suddenly scared. Two boys. She hardly knew any boys at all and so wouldn't know what to



say. It would be a lot easier to walk on, but then Mrs Blackburn was bound to ask if she'd seen them and what did she say then: she had been **too scared**? So with heart fluttering Charlotte made herself climb over the stile and start off across the field.

There was **one** boy. He was sitting in the sun, or in fact half lying back against his rucsac. He had only a brief pair of swim shorts on. His eyes were closed so he didn't know she had approached. He **did** look about her age, dark-haired and quite good-looking. Charlotte gazed at his body, spread out for the sun's rays, And at the short white trunks: She could see the quite big bulge of his **thing**. She felt herself shiver. **Cripes!** She imagined running her hands over that smooth body which the sun had not yet tanned to any extent. And she imagined running her hand over those shorts...over that bulge.

Then he opened his eyes; and abruptly struggled to his feet. She had thought she would be tongue-tied but she wasn't. His name was Robert. There **was** another boy but he had gone to get some supplies. They had been there for two days and were from Chelmsford. He seemed very friendly once he'd got over the shock of Charlotte suddenly being there. He asked would she like to see inside their tent.

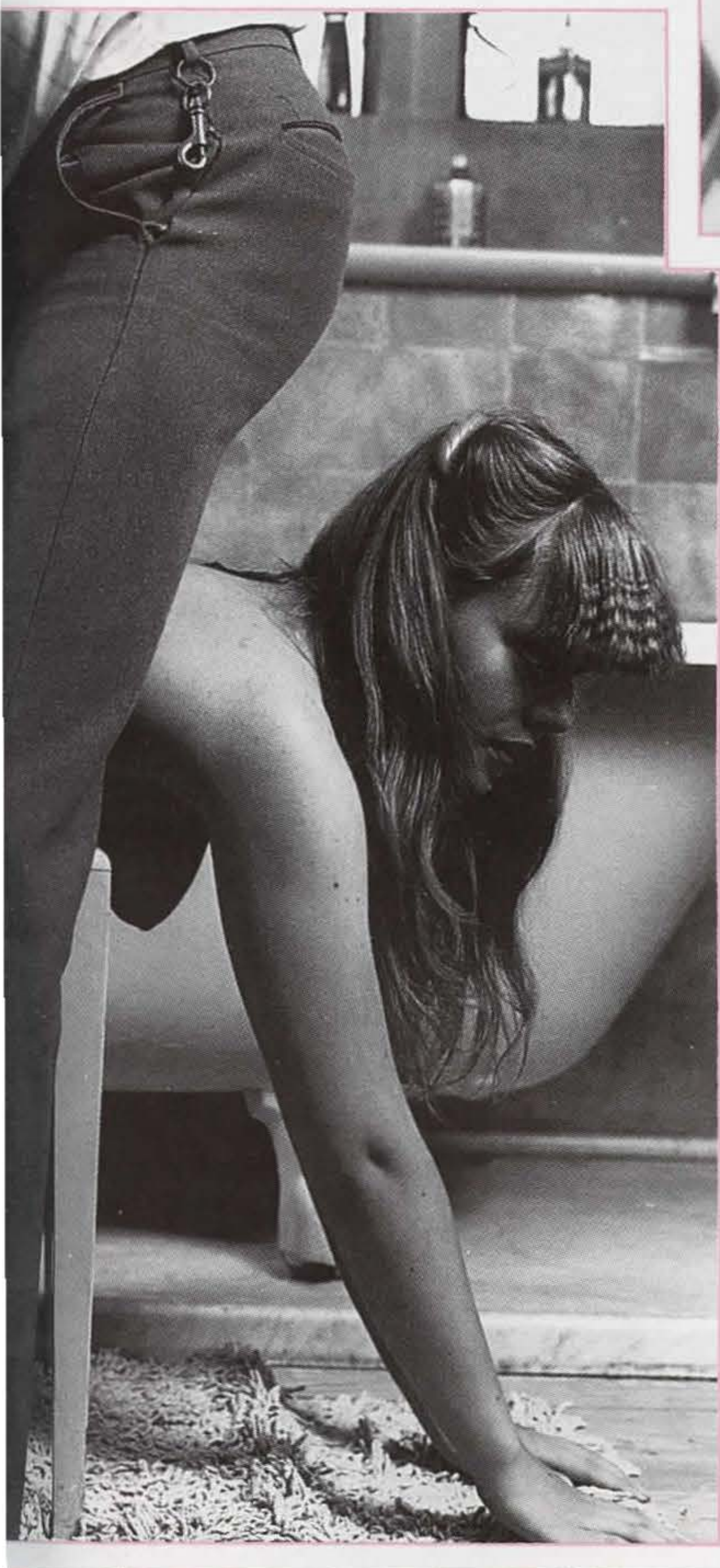
It was quite small and you had to kneel down to go in. Inside, sitting on the two sleeping bags, it was really super, like being in a magic cave with the soft orange light coming through the tent walls; but that wasn't what Charlotte was looking at. What she was looking at was that tight white swimsuit. It had suddenly swollen out quite a bit more and you could really see the shape of his thing — his penis. It was definitely getting **erect**. Perhaps



he had seen up her skirt as she crawled in — Angela at school said looking up your skirt always got boys aroused.

Anyway it had really got bigger and she couldn't help herself keep glancing at it. He must have seen what Charlotte was looking at and went red in the face and sort of put his hand over it. Perhaps because he knew Charlotte was looking at it, it got bigger than ever, and Charlotte got red in the face as well and, for the first time, a bit tongue-tied. If it had been Angela she would probably say something bold like, 'I'd like to have a look at it.'

What Charlotte did was to look at her watch and say she thought she'd better be getting back for tea. She crawled out of the tent and Robert had to therefore come out as well. They both got to their feet. Perhaps he decided that as she'd already



seen it there was no point trying to hide it, or perhaps he just felt bolder now. Anyway he stood there without putting his hand over it. It looked enormous, like a big thick sausage sticking right up the front of his trunks. You could clearly see the shape of it, she couldn't help herself. If she had a ruler she would have been able to check what Miss Kingston said: 'Eight inches is by no means uncommon'. She heard herself say, or rather stutter, 'Shall I come round tomorrow if I can?'

He said in a sort of stifled voice, 'Yes. Come round in the morning.'

Charlotte went off, her head spinning, hardly seeing where she was going; seeing instead herself crawling into that tent again tomorrow morning. Just the two of them, Robert's friend having once more gone off, perhaps even sent off on some pretext by Robert. And then...It was really **too swoony** to think about.

But first there were those other things to think about. Mr Marley; and even more **Mr Whippy**. In the excitement of meeting Robert and of seeing his thing Charlotte had quite forgotten Mr Whippy. Going back into Mr Marley's garden she suddenly remembered him again...

She met him after supper, as Mr Marley had told her she would. By that time she had got settled in, unpacked her things in her room and looked round the house. But all that time she had been thinking of Mr Whippy — though also thinking a bit about Robert. With so many things happening, so many mind-boggling things, including that pretty awful spanking, it was almost **too much**. But the time for Mr Whippy came all right, right after supper. In the sitting room Mr Marley took him out of a cupboard. He made you feel sick to look at him through the air, 'Nice and Whippy'. Mr Marley had said, 'We'll go up to your room I think,

Charlotte, for the introductions.'

In her room Mr Marley said, 'Yes, this is my boy; eager to do his job no doubt.' Then he told Charlotte she might as well take her frock off, so there was no danger of it getting in Mr Whippy's way, and of course her knickers too. She gave a gulp, she had not been expecting that. Mr Marley said brusquely, 'Come on, my dear; nice and snappy. We must learn to do as we're told **immediately**. That's what discipline is all about.'

Charlotte started unbuttoning her dress. There was clearly no choice and also if she annoyed Mr Marley he might say she couldn't go out tomorrow, to that orange tent in the corner of the field. She unbuttoned all the buttons and then slipped out of it. Her bra was light blue like her knicks and that was all she had underneath as it **was** hot. Mr Marley's sharp eyes staring, as you might expect. He was probably getting **aroused** like he had earlier and like Robert had done. But Charlotte was really thinking about that, it was Mr Whippy. Lying waiting on her bed. Trembling all over she slid down her brief knickers and stepped out of them. Her slim form in just the bra and her socks and sandals. Her slight dark bush; a sharp contrast to her pale skin. Mr Marley, red in the face, told her to lie over her bed.

His hands positioning her. Having a feel of her bottom, also, as you might expect. She clutched at the bed cover, trying not to think. It would be nice if she could faint and then she might not know about it, but that obviously wasn't going to happen.

She got four. Four mind-wrenching stokes of Mr Whippy that felt like a knife slicing into her. The pain was quite impossible, she was weeping, sobbing, but somehow it was over. Mr Marley pulling her, still sobbing, to her feet. Putting her close up against him, like before. His arms round her, his hand stroking her glowing, stinging bottom.

The hot tears were still flooding out, now onto Mr Marley's shirt-front, and she could feel his thing, big and stiff like before. His hands were on her bra strap, also like before, but this time he **was** undoing it...and pulling her bra up and off those small but now stiff-nippled boobs. This meant she didn't have **anything** on except the socks and sandals. Charlotte sniffed and blinked trying to stop the tears. She was really hot, her bottom boiling and her pert tits feeling red hot as well. She thought briefly of that boy Robert out in his tent. She would see him tomorrow, hopefully, but what was going to happen before then?





Dear Sir!

I think that the experience I have gathered in the past two years are of interest for a lot of mothers which are in similar situations and therefore, I try to give here a compressed account of it for their benefit.

Two years ago at the age of twenty-seven I married a widower with two daughters. Annerose and Isabella were both terrible girls as I became soon to know, they were wicked little devils, full of nonsense, bad language etc. It became clear to me in only a few weeks that with goodwill only I would not convert them into proper stepdaughters — more drastic means were to be used. And so I did, with the consent of their father who was only too happy to have somebody take care of those frightening creatures, and it was not only with his consent but with his very real help in the beginning that I invented a routine which by now, two years later has converted both girls not into the pride of the town but to very respectable young citizens, no longer dreaded by all neighbours and well on the way to be actually loved by them. How I managed to do this? I will tell you in a moment and I will tell you how my by now well established disciplinary routine works at the moment.

All the girls faults at home, in school and outside are collected by me in my little red book and when I feel that one or the other has gathered enough bad marks there I tell her that she will receive punishment. Since my routine needs a bit of time I put it always on Sunday, after church in the morning, a very good time in my experience. On our return from the church Annerose or Isabella, whoever it is has to prepare everything for her punishment. This includes several things, foremost to undress in the kitchen, where the punishment will take place and where my husband, the other girl and I are waiting. Next she moves the kitchen table out of the way to have a free place in the middle of the room.

Then she goes down into the laundry and fetches a plastic bath-tub, about one meter in the longer diameter. From the bathroom she fetches soap and a sponge and a bathing brush and a little box with some special paraphernalia for her punishment. This done the girl will fill the

bath-tub with steaming hot water from the kitchen sink and at last ask for the start of her punishment standing in front of her family, the steaming bath-tub in her back.

The punishment begins with my scrubbing the girl all over with soap, very hot water and the brush until she is red like a lobster which is cooked. They will always lament

and take out its content: a little razor, razor soap and eau-de-cologne. With the girl standing now in the steam-loaded kitchen and crying by now I begin to shave her pussy. Again this is a most humiliating procedure, since I make her stand always to give her audience the best view and again the positions she has to adopt are by no means lady-

patches on the kitchen floor and she has a penetrating smell of eau-de-cologne around her. Still crying and sobbing, pleading and begging she hands the strap over to me and steps back into the tub, where she waits with her legs spread as far as the tub allows and her hands folded behind her neck.

The strap is a piece of leather, a good one inch wide, about three or four millimeters thick and fifty centimeters long, with a wooden handle at one end; the other end has a round shape.

With this instrument I begin now to strap my stepdaughter, slowly and careful, as not to forget a spot between the midth of her upper thighs and her waist. And when I say not a spot I mean it literally, i.e. I use my strap as well on her behind, buttocks and thighs, as on her front part, thighs and pubic region and, of course also on those places between her legs. To achieve this with some ease, the girl has to adopt adequate positions, bent-over, one leg on the bath-tub rim, turned around, kneeling with bottom up and so on. And again this is every bit of humiliation in this procedure, but in the first place now there is a lot of pain in this. Very soon the girl will be crying, then screaming and towards the end even yell sometimes when my strap meets a particular tender spot. The colour of her buttocks and thigh and of her pubic region which was already a deep red before the strapping becomes even darker, interspersed increasingly with the broad weals of the strap, in particular of its end. Her buttocks swell, and her thighs are swelling as well under the careful measured impact of my strap until they are all one mass of strap weals criss-crossing and covering all the punishment region with the darkening marks of the strap-end.

This strapping needs about twenty minutes and with the strokes coming to them at about twenty to thirty second intervals that means between forty to sixty strokes distributed all over the punishment area as good as I can manage. Then the girl has to fetch another bucket of steaming hot water for her tub and sit down in her bath again, which is no comfort with her weltd blazing flesh — her cries are roused again as the pain of her weals is kindled to

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because of the water being too hot, but I pay not much attention to that — more attention I pay then to their buttocks and thighs and to their private parts which I clean and scrub with great vigour and very thoroughly to the last bit, making the poor girl to attempts all sorts of positions in the tub to give me access to all those parts of her naked body. This is very very humiliating for the girls, in particular since their father is watching this procedure not without interest and since my step-daughters both are healthy and well in their flesh, there is something to look at — their buttocks have still their teenage plumpness, while their breast have already developed from mere virginal buds into a definitely womanly shape and can be said to be already sort of full. They too get a special and vigorous scrubbing before this part of the punishment is finished.

Next I open the little box

like anymore. With the last bit of her pubic hair removed and the rest of the foam washed away I take the bottle of eau-de-cologne and rub it generously into the just shaved region. This is no longer only humiliating, but here begins the punishment to become almost painful, sensibilized just by the shaving procedure and the more so, since I do not hesitate to bathe all her pubic region with the eau-de-cologne.

Here at last the girls always cry openly, whince and wriggle in my hands, but I don't let them go until I am finished and everything down there is cleaned to my satisfaction by the sequential application of soap, brush, razor and eau-de-cologne and has acquired an almost beetroot colour.

Now the girl has to step out of the bath-tub, still wet and fetch the broad strap from behind the kitchen door where its place is. Her feet leave wet



the heat of melting lead. After five minutes rest it is up again and another treatment with eau-de-cologne. This time it has two controversial effects, the one is a cooling effect where the flesh is not too welted and the other is a almost scorching effect where her flesh is sensitive from the whole previous procedure — more cries and screams are heard by me, my husband and the other girl. The watching sister is always in a bad state because she knows herself what her punished sister has to endure — she follows everything with wide-open anxious eyes — but also with interest, great interest, because throughout the punishment I comment my doings and ask questions at the watching girl, to describe in her own words whats just going on or the look of something special and if she does not follow the procedure and does not know what to answer, it means black marks for herself. So they take interest in each others punishments.

After this second application of the eau-de-cologne bottle the girls steps out of the tub again and fetches the second instrument for her punishment from its place behind the kitchen door: a slender, bright yellow cane, exactly eighty-three centimeters in length and a little less than a centimeter thick. Yes, she gets that also and on top of all those weals from my strap already on her buttocks and thighs, there is no way around and that they know by now and take their correct position for the cane: standing in the tub, legs perhaps a foot apart and hands again folded behind their neck, upper body bent forward at about forty or fifty degrees.

And now their father takes over. After receiving the cane from me he starts to cane his daughter and he starts to cane her in all earnest, there is no pity because she has received already some punishment, his strokes are given with just the right strength to draw those awful ridged tramlines on the buttocks and thighs of his poor daughter. And now they scream not only but yell, yell at the top of their voice and we can be only happy that we live in a rather detached house of our own at the outskirts of Bonn. It is, of course extremely difficult for the girls to keep their position now, but they have to, because I am at a

stand-by with my strap to punish every one fault with a stroke onto their very upper front thighs. The number of strokes with the cane is invariably equal to their years, i.e. seventeen for Annerose and sixteen for Isabella and always three fourths are given on buttocks and rear upper thighs while the rest is given on the front of their thighs, i.e. four strokes in both cases. With about one minute between successive strokes on the front of their thighs whacks down and the last of those ear-piercing squeals starts which develops into a formidable yell, only interrupted for breathtaking.

And now comes the final humiliation, for the girl has to heat up her bath once more with a new bucket of hot water and take a sit down in it on her welted, cane and strap welted bottom howling continuously and loud before after about five minutes she gets a last application of the eau-de-cologne bottle but this time from her father. And my husband goes through this necessary task with at least the same care and thoroughness as I do, leaving no part of his daughters punished flesh without its share of the lotion, not her buttocks, not her thighs, and he also shows no hesitation to humiliate his daughter to the utmost degree, remembering how much he has suffered earlier by her wicked behaviour. And the girls cries and howls as he proceeds don't disturb him so much as to forget a spot — he fulfills his parental task as I have fulfilled mine before, all of it for the good of our girls.

And that all this is for their good, they know and know quite well, because it has not escaped their attention that their results in school are considerably better now and that the attitude of the neighbours is no longer defined by terror and fear but by polite satisfaction. And so they — no they don't like their punishments, but they have learned to accept them as necessary to keep up their standards and even improve them further and there is still something to improve.

When their father has finished, the girls have to remove everything used for their punishment, still in the nude and then clean-up the kitchen and prepare the Sunday lunch and lay the table in the sitting room where we eat at Sundays, and still in the

nude she has to wait upon the rest of us, standing behind her chair when not serving one of us — there is no meal at this occasion for her until supper.

After lunch she has to do the washing up in the kitchen and then must kneel in a settee in the sitting room sticking her welted terribly looking rump into the room for as long as it pleases me or my husband and that can range from one or two hours to the whole afternoon. Only before supper, which she has to prepare again, the girl is allowed to put on something covering her upper body, the lowest part has to remain bare, for everybody to have a good look at the result of the punishment. After supper and the washing-up it is into bed and only then the punishment is finished.

I am sure that quite a few readers will say that I am too strict, or better my husband than me, but I am sure that without these strict measures our girls were still more than only a nuisance, they would have been very probably on the downward slope to a no good end. Therefore, parents, do not hesitate to punish hard, very hard and even severe, for it is only for the good of your children.

Thanks for your attention and goodbye.

Edna-Maria H. Bonn





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